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Travels in various Countries of Europe, Asia, and Africa. By Edward Daniel Clarke, L. L. D. Part the second. Greece, Egypt, and the Holy Land. Section the first. 4to. pp. 714.

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WE gladly resume the consideration of Dr. Clarke's travels. The present volume is a continuation of that formerly published by the same author, of which a very ample summary will be found in some of the preceding numbers of this journal. To the merits of that publication we there gave a very decided testimony; nor are we disposed now to subtract a syllable from what we at that time said in its praise. On one head of accusation, indeed, against the author, we are inclined to think that we were then less copious than perhaps the occasion required; an omission not unnatural, in the discharge of the more agreeable office of pointing out to the consideration of our readers the interesting and valuable matter by which our own attention had been attracted and engaged. The fault to which we allude, is an habitual exaggeration in the descriptions given by Dr. Clarke of the debasement of the Russian character, and especially, in so much of that description as more immediately applies to the habits and manners of the higher classes of society. That the views of these subjects, exhibited in the former volume of this work, are faithful transcripts of the impressions made by what he saw and heard on the mind of the writer, will be doubted by no man who has the happiness of knowing Dr. Clarke, or who has had the good fortune to read his book. But then it must be remembered, that he saw the Russian Empire at a most unfavourable

moment, and while under the dominion of a ferocious madman—that he was exposed to some personal ill usage—that he resided but a short time at St. Petersburg, and, as is more than suspected, was rather unlucky in the social circles among which he was thrown—that much of what is most offensive in his representations is told merely as the result of other men's opinions—and that he listened to the accounts he received with little opportunity, and, apparently, without much disposition to scrutinize their accuracy. But even in the absence of these grounds of distrust, there appears considerable reason to doubt the perfect fidelity of Dr. Clarke's portraits of Russian society. Notwithstanding the endless varieties in the situation and circumstances of mankind, there is still, among all nations and languages, a near approach to identity in the larger features of the human character, not less than in the general outline of the human form. The Yahoo is at least as unnatural a being as the Lilliputian—and Dr. Clarke's Russians have too much of the Yahoo in their constitution, not to induce a very strong suspicion of the truth of the resemblance. The book, in fact, we have reason to know, was received at St. Petersburg with no little astonishment, and probably not without some mixture of irritation. "Your countrymen certainly think but meanly of us"—was a remark frequently made to an English gentleman then residing in that capital: "but do you believe that there is one man in England who will give credit to such a story as this?" But, on the whole, we owe too much to Dr. Clarke, to feel disposed to pursue any further a censure which may seem to diminish the value of the praise we formerly bestowed on his very valuable and important work.

At this moment, however, our recollections of that interesting narrative are associated with thoughts too serious and too sad to be hastily dismissed. "Moscow is no more." That splendid monument of barbaric greatness, the centre of the affections, the hopes, and sympathies of thousands and tens of thousands of our fellow men, has been swept from off the face of the earth, or exists only as the dreadful tomb of its former inhabitants. "How doth the city sit solitary that was full of people! how is she become a widow! she that was great among the nations, and princess among the provinces, how is she become tributary!" Wise, unquestionably, and benevolent as wise, are all the purposes of the great moral ruler of the world; but while we humbly acquiesce in his will, and repress our useless execrations against the monster who has been selected by him to be the scourge of mankind, it is yet impossible, without horror, or without an aching heart, to

contemplate these sad scenes, at once the proof and the punishment of human depravity. On the probable event of this great contest it would be now idle to speculate, even were this the proper occasion for such inquiries. But if, as some amongst us are disposed to believe, the struggle is still to be protracted, it then indeed becomes material to ascertain the character of that important body of men who form the natural aristocracy of the Russian Empire. It is in this view that Dr. Clarke's publication, the latest, the most learned and elaborate account we possess of the state of society in that country, acquires an interest which belongs to the writings of no other traveller. In this view, also, it becomes a matter of no light moment to inquire into his pretensions to the praise of an impartial and a competent judge of natural character. Our opinion on that subject we have already expressed; with what qualifications it is held, will more fully and properly appear in the course of this article.

The volume which we have now to examine, contains the result of Dr. Clarke's reflections, made during a journey of about six months' continuance, through Greece, Egypt, and the Holy Land. Of these countries, already so amply described by Shaw, Pococke, Maundrell, and Chandler, our information is singularly minute and copious—so copious, indeed, as, in the opinion of many, to have contracted the duties of a writer of travels in the present day, to little more than the correction of the errors of his predecessors. We are not, however, disposed to be very fastidious in lamenting the multiplication of books which do really contain any kind of accurate knowledge. It is, no doubt, too late now to expect to hear much which we have not, in substance, heard before, of the usages, or habits, or even of the antiquities of Constantinople or Greece: but the observations made on these interesting regions by such a man as Dr. Clarke can never be unimportant; never, at least, so long as we have, on the subject of which he treats, any error to rectify, or any prejudices to remove—or while men will persist in preferring the works of a fashionable cotemporary author to the antiquated researches of our less lively and entertaining forefathers.

It would, however, be very unjust, were we to attribute the high celebrity of Dr. Clarke's volumes to any other cause than their own very great and somewhat peculiar merit. He is in fact a writer of travels, such as has but seldom appeared in any period of our literary history, and such as, till the publication of his work, was wholly unknown in our own days. And first of all, he is, in his character of a traveller, remarkably exempt from the common failings of his cotem-

poraries. Though obviously of a temperament of mind rather exposed to error from an excess, than from any deficiency of warmth in his social affections, he makes no sort of parade of fine feelings and overflowing sentiment. And though it is quite beyond question that his attainments in geology, and in botanical and mineralogical science, are very considerable, yet he never forgets that the bulk of his readers, those for whose instruction he writes, are neither mineralogists, nor botanists, nor geologists. The information on these branches of natural history which he collected in the course of his journey, he has, accordingly, compressed into a space comparatively narrow; wisely resisting the temptation of inserting in his book philosophical essays, at once wearisome from their length to those who are ignorant of the subject, and from their necessary brevity, unsatisfactory to those who are conversant with it. Moreover, although Dr. Clarke possesses an almost unequalled power of conveying to his readers, without the aid of painting, a conception of the scenes he visits, scarcely less lively than that which painting itself could furnish; yet is he contented to leave undescribed all the wonders of art, and all the enchanting natural scenery, which he passed in his route, except where others had left unnoticed what it is really material to the subject he treats of to describe. He possesses, in a word, one excellence inseparably connected, we believe, with qualities still more valuable than even mere intellectual superiority—we mean a total absence of ostentation in the display of very rare and valuable accomplishments. In addition to what we formerly said of the general character of Dr. Clarke's composition, it may now be added, that his style is eminently adapted to the easy kind of narrative in which a sensible man naturally writes the history of his own travels. It is simple, versatile, and copious—occasionally, indeed, bearing an unpleasant resemblance to the manner of Gibbon, and, in its more laboured passages, somewhat overwrought and turgid.

As compared with his former volume, it is not improbable that the majority of readers will esteem the present a little uninteresting. For one man who will study a quarto volume of travels through the Troad, the Greek Islands, and the Holy Land, you shall probably find a hundred who will peruse with delight the new, lively, and unexpected detail given by Dr. Clarke of the habits and manners of the Russians and Cossacks. We all love to contemplate animated pictures, whether accurate or inaccurate, of the character of our own species: but it is a very small number, comparatively, who

are much concerned to know whether the site of Ilium was on the banks of the Hellespont, or in the vicinity of Alexandria Troas. It cannot be denied, too, that there is a degree of heaviness about the volume now before us, which, not even that rich colouring with which the descriptive powers of the author have adorned it is at all times sufficient to relieve. The truth is, that there is a tedium almost unavoidably resulting from the want of unity in the subject of his work. The narratives of a traveller must, after all, depend for their interest upon very much the same principles as those to which the charm of all other narratives is owing; among which, some, perhaps, of the most certain and copious sources of pleasure, will be found to consist in strong sympathy with the personal fortunes of the narrator, or hero of the tale—in rapid and lively transitions—in full, minute, and highly finished representations of the scenes or characters about which the narrative may be conversant—or, finally, in a succession of images opposed to each other in marked and striking contrast. In the former volume of this work, the two last-mentioned requisites of interesting narrative were to be found in sufficient abundance. Nothing which curiosity could have required, was wanting to the completion of the portraits of the Russian and the Cossack; nor could any contrast have been imagined to the stupid inanimate brutality of the one, more perfect or amusing than the erect deportment and courteous liberality of the other. In the travels of our author through Greece and the Holy Land, we confess we very much desiderate these animated pictures of life and manners. With a dignified and not ungraceful reserve, Dr. Clarke has usually avoided any mention of his own personal adventures: and the circumstances of his journey, in which his literary pursuits seem continually to have been impeded by the more pressing avocations of his mercantile and military associates, have prevented his exhibiting, in this volume, any of those complete and entire views of the state and condition of the different countries he visited, which we noticed in our former numbers as the characteristic excellence of his composition. Except, however, the inevitable inferiority of interest which the difference of subject produces, we do not know that this volume is in any respect inferior to the last. We are rather, we think, inclined to prefer it. Dr. Clarke is a man of an active, inquisitive, and ardent mind—more than usually gifted with such knowledge as is acquired by solitary study—and not ill acquainted with mankind; but somewhat deficient, we apprehend, in candour and caution in his judgments on his fellow creatures, and not very eminently distinguished (to

use a term often very grossly misused) by a *philosophical* mind. To such an understanding, subjects affording large scope for the investigation of disputed facts, antiquarian, historical, or literary, (and such are the inquiries connected with the present journey of our author,) appear better adapted than those more comprehensive speculations as to the general character and future destiny of nations which occupy so considerable a part of his former volume. All the subjects, moreover, to the elucidation of which his labours are here directed, possess even yet a never failing, and almost unequalled charm. Nothing can be indifferent to us which throws any new light over the institutions, the habits, or the arts of that wonderful people who inhabited the celebrated regions which were once the seat of Grecian empire. The history of Greece forms the most extraordinary, and, at the same time, the most authentic record in the annals of mankind, of the influence of taste, liberty and science upon human character. The lapse of eventful intervening ages has not yet made it possible to cast even a passing glance at the story of that extraordinary people without astonishment. The unequalled energy with which they encountered difficulties apparently insuperable—the vast extent of their military resources—the spirit and gayety of the national temper—their undoubted superiority to the whole human race, as well in the lighter graces as in the higher efforts of genius—in a word, that intellectual superiority to which they owed their unnatural political elevation, not only secured to the monuments of the empire and of the sciences of Greece the reverence even of their conquerors, but, through all succeeding ages, have commanded the admiration and directed the inquiries of mankind.

In the latter ages of the Roman empire, when the ravages of the barbarians had ultimately swept away all the Grecian schools of rhetoric and science, which the extinction even of Roman liberty had not destroyed; all that remained of literature and knowledge in Greece appears to have been transferred to the capital of the Eastern empire, and to the still flourishing cities of the lesser Asia. In the days of her last emperor, the city of Constantine, though often desolated by the ignorant rapacity of her sovereigns, still preserved entire many of the most splendid ornaments with which the ever-active spirit of the Grecian artists, degenerated though they were from the taste of their forefathers, had embellished that metropolis of the East. Of the ravages of the Turks more seems to have been said than is consistent either with probability or with historical tradition. The conquest of Constan-

tinople by Mahomet II. was not the result of the mere ambition of extending his empire, or even, as the Christian historians of the siege would have us believe, of a merciless zeal for the religion of the Prophet. The inconsiderable tribe who in a few years had emerged from an obscure district on the banks of the Oxus, and extended their empire from the Dnieper to the cataracts of the Nile, were still insecure in their conquests from the threatened hostility of the European states, between whose powers a union for the support of their Christian brethren in the East had often been projected. In the acquisition of Constantinople, Mahomet II. obtained at once a seat of empire, and an effectual barrier against the combined efforts of all the princes of Europe. The operation of the same motives which caused the capture of the city, preserved it, when acquired, from destruction. So congenial to the common tastes and character of mankind are those luxuries, which, under an endless variety of forms, always indicate and accompany the increase of wealth, that, in the few years which had elapsed from the origin of their power to the capture of the metropolis of the East, the Turks had wholly lost sight of the pursuits and habits of their *nomade* forefathers. With most of the tastes, and not a few of the more elegant arts of more opulent and long settled communities, they had become intimately acquainted; and, after the first violence of the assault, anxiously exerted themselves to preserve, not only the more immediately serviceable abodes of the former inhabitants of Constantinople, but most, also, of the more splendid edifices which it owed to the opulence or piety of its monarchs. The mosques and minarets, consecrated to the worship and religious services of the Mahomedan faith, were constructed from the magnificent piles which the former sovereigns of the Eastern empire had dedicated to the culture of a purer faith: the sumptuous baths which the emperors had accumulated, with an ostentatious but well-judged liberality, for the accommodation of their subjects, were studiously preserved and laboriously embellished; and the Hippodrome, under its new appellation of *Atmeidan*, still continued to be devoted to the purposes of its original formation.

The present narrative commences with Dr. Clarke's residence at Constantinople. In confirmation of the accounts of all former travellers, he states, that the remains of many of the buildings, and much of the costume and general appearance of the ancient city, is still distinctly visible. On this subject the following passage is at once accurate and comprehensive.

"After the imagination has been dazzled with pompous and glaring descriptions of palaces and baths, porticos and temples, groves, circusses and gardens, the plain matter of fact may prove that in the obscure and dirty lanes of Constantinople, its small and unglazed shops, the style of architecture observed in the dwellings, the long covered walks, now serving as bazars, the loose flowing habits with long sleeves, worn by the natives; even in the practice of concealing the features of the women, and, above all, in the remarkable ceremonies and observances of the public baths; we behold those customs and appearances which characterized the cities of the Greeks. Such, at least, as far as inanimate objects are concerned, is the picture presented by the interesting ruins of Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Stabiæ." P. 3.

In the conduct of a topic already so amply discussed as that of the antiquities and other memorabilia of this remarkable city, "on which," says Dr. Clarke, "the volumes which have been written would alone be sufficient to constitute a library," our author has, we think, entitled himself to great praise, both for what he has done, and for what he has omitted to do. He has told much that is at once both curious and original, and has, with a few exceptions, passed over every thing which former travellers have communicated. In excepting from this general commendation, the very singular account of Dr. Clarke's adventures in the interior of the seraglio, we almost feel ourselves guilty of some ingratitude. A man who, for the amusement of his readers, has engaged in an exploit of such imminent hazard as that of penetrating into the Charem of the Grand Sultan, may, perhaps, think himself hardly used, in having to encounter reproaches from those for whose entertainment he has risked his existence. Thinking, however, very highly of the value of the life of such a man as Dr. Clarke, and being, we fear, more indifferent than we ought to be, as to the accommodations and domestic recreations of the Sultan, we confess the knowledge furnished on these points seem to us very much too dearly purchased. The voluptuous and fanciful descriptions which other writers had given of these scenes of royal repose, and the mysterious secrecy in which they had been concealed from human observation, had excited a kind of morbid curiosity respecting them. In the plain and consistent account of Dr. Clarke, our readers will find some disappointment, perhaps, and some amusement, but nothing very marvellous or surprising—nothing very incredible or very enviable. The Sultan appears to live much as it might have been suspected that a Sultan would—in great splendour and great meanness—in a crowd of eunuchs, bostanghis, and women—among delicious

baths, and still more delicious summer-houses—surrounded with ill-fashioned gardens, and ill-imagined presents from the potentates of Europe. We have not room to transcribe, or even to give an intelligible abridgment of the minute description of the seraglio, with which many pages of this volume are occupied.*

During his residence in Constantinople, the procession of the Grand Seignior at the opening of the Bairam—the most splendid pageant exhibited to the inhabitants of that city—was conducted with its customary magnificence. One part of this civic pomp, for its singularity, deserves to be recorded. A large collection of ancient armour, which Dr. Clarke, we think with great reason, supposes to form part of the weapons and military engines of the Greek emperors, was borne on sumpter mules before the Grand Seignior, and appeared to form no inconsiderable part of the grandeur of the show.

The bazar, or market for manuscripts, is one of the most remarkable literary curiosities which the world has at this day to exhibit; and strange to say, it is also one of the most neglected. Dr. Clarke, upon unquestionable data, calculates that no less than 50,000 manuscripts, Arabic, Persian, and Turkish, are daily exposed to sale in the public streets of Constantinople. It must not, however, be supposed that the whole, or even the greater part of these manuscripts, are single copies. But of such an immense collection the knowledge hitherto attained must of necessity be most imperfect. A more diligent scrutiny might discover much that would amply repay the labour of the search.

The monstrous superstitions, or rather the incredible buffooneries, too miserable to be dignified with the name even of superstition, which are practised as religious duties by the dervishes of Scutari, have been often amply described, and by no one we think more fully or accurately than that by the *citizen* Olivier—a lively and vituperative republican, who, in the year 1794—5, traversed the greatest part of the Ottoman empire, and published on his return a very copious account of his observations. The narrative of Dr. C. is given with his characteristic clearness, and, though often told, the story deserves to be once more repeated.

“As we entered the mosque, we observed twelve or fourteen dervishes walking slowly round, before a superior, in a small space, surrounded with rails, beneath the dome of the building.” “In a gallery over the entrance were stationed two or three performers on the tambourine and Turkish pipes. Presently the dervishes,

* For Dr. Clarke's description of the Seraglio, see our number for January last.

crossing their arms over their breasts, and with each of their hands grasping their shoulders, began obeisance to the superior, who stood with his back against the wall, facing the door of the mosque. Then each in succession, as he passed the superior, having finished his bow, began to turn round; first slowly, but afterwards with such velocity, that, his long garments flying out in the rotatory motion, the whole party appeared spinning like so many umbrellas upon their handles. As they began, their hands were disengaged from their shoulders and raised gradually above their heads. At length, as the velocity of the whirl increased, they were all seen with their arms extended horizontally, and their eyes closed, turning with inconceivable rapidity. The music, accompanied by voices, served to animate them, while a steady old fellow, in a green pelisse, continued to walk among them, with a fixed countenance, and expressing as much care and watchfulness, as if his life would expire with the slightest failure in the ceremony." "The elder of these dervishes appeared to me to perform the task with so little labour or exertion, that although their bodies were in violent agitation, their countenances resembled those of persons in an easy sleep. The younger part of the dancers moved with no less velocity than the others, but it seemed in them a less mechanical operation. This extraordinary exercise continued for the space of fifteen minutes; a length of time it might be supposed sufficient to exhaust life itself during such an exertion, and our eyes began to ache with the sight of so many objects all turning one way. Suddenly, on a signal given by the directors of the dance, unobserved by the spectators, the dervishes all stopped at the same instant, like the wheels of a machine, and, what is more extraordinary, all in one circle, with their faces invariably towards the centre, crossing their arms on their breasts, and grasping their shoulders as before, bowing together at the same instant with the utmost regularity almost to the ground. We regarded them with astonishment, not one of them being in the slightest degree out of breath, heated, or having his countenance at all changed. After this, they began to walk as at first, each following the other, within the railing, and passing the superior as before. As soon as their obeisance had been made, they began to turn again. This second exhibition lasted as long as the first, and was similarly concluded. They then began to turn for the third time, and as the dance lengthened, the music grew louder and more animating. Perspiration became evident on the features of the dervishes—the extended garments of some among them began to droop, and little accidents occurred, such as their striking against each other; they nevertheless persevered, until large drops of sweat falling from their bodies on the floor, such a degree of friction was thereby produced, that the noise of their feet rubbing the floor was heard by the spectators. Upon this the third and last signal was made for them to halt, and the dance ended." Pp. 38—40.

On the first of March Dr. Clarke finally quitted Constantinople. We will not so abuse the patience of our readers, as

to occupy any part of the space we are able to allot to the review of the volume before us, with the old dispute about the site of the ancient Ilium. We must for the present, therefore, content ourselves with saying, that to so much of the creed of Jacob Bryant as places the city of Priam very much to the south of the strait now called the Dardanelles, we do most conscientiously subscribe. At the same time they who take much delight in such inquiries, will do well to consult Dr. Clarke's book. And if they should chance to smile at the confidence with which he arranges, in their several stations, the tombs of Æneas, Ajax, and Æsyetes, they will yet hardly fail to be edified by the variety of classical knowledge with which he illustrates his own peculiar theory, and the very neat and accurate survey of the district of Troas which he has produced in support of it.

From the warm springs of Bonarbashy, to which Dr. Clarke is disposed to assign the honour of being the *Δολαὶ πηγὰς* mentioned Il. X. 148. our author proceeded to the sources of the Mender. The cities of Æne, (the *Αἰνεία* of Strabo,) Turkmanlé, and Beyramitch, are all, especially the first, places remarkable for their extent, their beauty, and their antiquities. Beyramitch is the capital of Troas. The land surrounding it—a fertile plain, embosomed in lofty mountains—is the property of the Pacha of the Dardanelles, whose immense wealth has, in pursuance of the enlightened policy of the Porte, been almost exhausted by endless exactions. It is to the avidity of this Pacha, however, in pursuit of materials for building, that the artists of this country are indebted for the exquisite fragment of a female figure, given by him to Dr. Clarke, and now deposited in the public library of the University of Cambridge. After a careful inspection of the antiquities of Beyramitch, and having, at the imminent peril of a broken neck, enjoyed the glorious scenery visible from the summit of Mount Gargarus, our author at last reached the sources of the Mender, or, as he usually writes, the Scamander. With the natural beauties of this spot, heightened no doubt by classical association, Dr. Clarke appears to have been in no ordinary degree delighted.

“Our ascent,” says he, “as we drew near to the source of the river, became steep and stony. Lofty summits towered above us, in the greatest style of Alpine grandeur, the torrent, in its rugged bed below, all the while foaming upon our left. Presently we entered one of the sublimest natural amphitheatres the eye ever beheld, and here the guides desired us to alight. The noise of water silenced every other sound. These craggy rocks rose perpendicularly to an immense height, whose sides and fissures, to the very clouds, concealing their tops, were covered with pines; growing

in every possible direction, among a variety of evergreen shrubs, wild sage, hanging ivy, moss, and creeping herbage. Enormous plane trees waved their vast branches above the torrent. As we approached its deep gulph, we beheld several cascades all of foam, pouring impetuously from chasms in the naked face of a perpendicular rock. It is said the same magnificent cataract continues during all seasons of the year, wholly unaffected by the casualties of rain or melting snow. That a river so ennobled by ancient history should at the same time prove equally eminent in circumstances of natural dignity, is a fact worthy of being related. Its origin is not like the source of ordinary streams, obscure and uncertain; of doubtful locality and undetermined character; ascertained with difficulty, among various petty subdivisions, in swampy places, or amidst insignificant rivulets, falling from different parts of the same mountain, and equally tributary: it bursts at once from the dark womb of its parent in all the greatness of the divine origin assigned to it by Homer. The early Christians who retired or fled from the haunts of society to the wilderness of Gargarus, seem to have been fully sensible of the effect produced by grand objects, in selecting, as the place of their abode, the scenery near the source of the Scamander, where the voice of nature speaks in her most awful tone, where, amidst roaring waters, waving forests, and broken precipices, the mind of man becomes impressed as by the influence of the present Deity." P. 143—4.

From the Dardanelles, Dr. Clarke and his companions finally sailed, towards the conclusion of the month of March, in a small skiff which was carrying provisions to the British army, then encamped before Alexandria. On such an expedition, it is not to be supposed that much time could be afforded for a survey of the shores and mountains of the lovely islands by which he passed. "Barrels of Adrianople tongues, candles, tea, sugar, cheese, onions, and biscuit," appear to have engrossed the whole attention of the captain of their vessel, who, it should seem, beheld without the least remorse all the pains he inflicted on his passengers, by passing unvisited the lands where "Eolian lyres were strung in every valley, and every mountain was consecrated by the breath of inspiration." P. 182.

The voyage, however, was happily interrupted, by the detention of their vessel at the islands of Cos (the modern Stanchio) and Rhodes, and at the gulph of Glaucus, in Asia Minor. The gulph of Glaucus, or, as it is now called, the bay of Macri, lying on the confines of the ancient provinces of Caria and Lycia, is remarkable for the grandeur of its scenery, its pestilential climate, and the beautiful remains of antiquity in its immediate vicinity. The modern town of Macri is built on the site, and amidst the ruins of Telmessus. The ancient theatre was an enormous pile, erected on the side of a lofty

mountain sloping to the sea. In the construction of the building, the architect had laboured to throw into the perspective all the sublime landscape by which he was surrounded. It will be found, indeed, that the artists of Greece were generally careful in the construction of their public edifices, to make "the beauties of nature subservient to those of art." Of this, endless examples may be found in the remains of the numerous temples and theatres, commanding the tall cliffs, or rising in the hollows of the mountains, which spread along the whole southern and western shores of the lesser Asia. The neighbourhood of Telmessus abounds with *Soroi*, and other monuments of its former greatness, inferior, indeed, to its theatre in splendour, but well deserving a patient and careful examination. We have not room at present, however, even for a short notice of the most remarkable;—nor can we afford space for any abridgment of the detailed account given by our author of the early part of the campaign in Egypt.

After visiting Cyprus, Dr. Clarke proceeded in the *Romulus* frigate to Acre. The ship having been despatched from the fleet off Aboukir, to take in a cargo of bullocks for the supply of the army, Dr. Clarke was engaged to act as interpreter for his friend Captain Culverhouse, who commanded the vessel, in negotiating this important affair with Djezzar Pacha, the tyrant of Acre. The portrait exhibited of this savage is curious, accurate, and instructing. Possessed of Herculean vigour of body, and a large share of natural shrewdness, profoundly ignorant of all the advantages of literature, and literally despising them, he gave full indulgence to the most bloodthirsty and brutal temper, with the most perfect defiance and contempt of all human and divine authority. Grievous as it is to reflect that such a monster should have existed in our own days, gratifying, without restraint, for more than twenty years, his stupid and malevolent passions, it is not amiss to contemplate the picture steadily and in detail. We are all, more or less, the slaves of pomp and circumstance, and it will not, perhaps, be without its use, to study the workings of those passions in the mind of a paltry Pacha of Acre, which have stimulated more powerful tyrants to desolate the world. This man, at an early period of life, sold himself to a merchant at Constantinople; and, from the situation of a Mameluke, has risen to the high dignity of Governor of Cairo. At the time to which the book before us refers, he was Pacha of Seide, the ancient Sidon; "lord of Damascus, of Berytus and Tyre; and, with the exception of a revolt among the Druses, might be considered master of all Syria." Though nominally subject to the Porte, he was in fact wholly independent of its au-

thority. His appellation of Djezzar signifies *butcher*. Dr. Clarke saw, as he tells us, several persons standing by the door of his apartment, "some without a nose—others without an arm—with one ear only, or one eye." At one period of the Pacha's life, having reason to suspect the fidelity of his wives, he put seven of them to death with his own hands. While the *Romulus* lay off Acre a disturbance had arisen, in consequence of some stones having been thrown into the ship's boat by some of the Pacha's people. Dr. Clarke instantly proceeded to the palace of the tyrant to complain of this insolence. The manner of his reception is thus related.

"Nothing could exceed the expression of fury visible in Djezzar's countenance at this intelligence. It might have been said of him as of Nebuchadnezzar, *the form of his visage was changed*. Drawing his dagger he beckoned the officer—as Bertocino trembling, said to us, *now you will be satisfied*. What, said I, is he going to do? *To put to death that poor man*, added he; and scarcely were the words uttered, than I, more terrified than any of the party, caught hold of the Djezzar's arm; the midshipman adding his entreaties to mine, and every one of us earnestly supplicating pardon for the poor victim. All we could obtain was permission from the Pacha to have the punishment suspended until Captain Culverhouse was informed of the circumstance, who, coming on shore, saved the man's life." P. 388.

We are tempted, though the extract is long, to transcribe, for the amusement of our readers, the following curious passage, from the account of another interview between our author and this summary dispenser of vindictive justice.

"We found him seated on a mat, in a little chamber, destitute even of the meanest article of furniture, excepting a coarse, porous, earthen-ware vessel, for cooling the water he occasionally drank. He was surrounded by persons maimed and disfigured in the manner before described. He scarcely looked up to notice our entrance, but continued his employment of drawing upon the floor, for one of his engineers, a plan of some works he was then constructing. His form was athletic, and his long white beard entirely covered his breast; his habit was that of a common Arab, plain but clean, consisting of a white camblet, over a cotton cassock. His turban was also white. Neither cushion nor carpet decorated the naked boards of his divan. In his girdle he wore a poniard set with diamonds; but this he apologized for exhibiting, saying 'it was his badge of office as governor of Acre, and therefore could not be laid aside.' The conversation began by a request from the Pacha, that English captains, in future, entering the bay of Acre, would fire only one gun, rather as a signal than as a salute upon their arrival. 'There can be no good reason,' said he, 'for such a waste of gunpowder in ceremony between friends. Besides,' he added, 'I am too old to be pleased with ceremony: among forty-

three Pachas of three tails, now living in Turkey, I am the senior. My occupations are consequently as you see very important,' taking out a pair of scissors, and beginning to cut figures in paper, which was his constant employment when strangers were present; these he afterwards stuck upon the wainscot. 'I shall send each of you away,' said he, 'with good proof of old Djezzar's ingenuity. There,' addressing himself to Captain Culverhouse, and offering a paper cannon, 'there is a symbol of your profession.' While I was explaining to the captain the meaning of this singular address, he offered me a paper flower, denoting, as he said, '*a florid interpretation of blunt speech.*' As often as we endeavoured to introduce the business of our visit, he affected to be absorbed in these trifling conceits, or turned the conversation by allegorical sayings, to whose moral we could find no possible clew. His whole discourse was in parables, proverbs, truisms, and oriental apologues. One of his tales lasted nearly an hour, about a man who wished to enjoy the peaceful cultivation of a small garden, without consulting the lord of the manor, whenever he removed a tulip, alluding, perhaps, to his situation with reference to the Grand Seignior. There was evidently much cunning and deep policy in his pretended frivolity. Apparently occupied in regulating the shape of a watch paper with his scissors, he was all the while deeply attentive to our words and even to our looks, anxious to discover whether there was any urgency in the nature of our visit." P. 370.

There is much more to the same purpose in Dr. Clarke's book; but our reader will probably be satisfied.

While the *Romulus* was taking in her stores at Acre, our author proceeded, with a strong party of Europeans, and with a guard of the Djezzar's cavalry, to Nazareth. We shall endeavour to compress into the remaining part of this article, some of the more interesting of the many valuable remarks which occur in this volume, respecting the natural history and antiquities of the Holy Land, and the illustrations of scripture which the activity and learning of Dr. Clarke enabled him to discover.

The village of Nazareth standing at the foot of lofty hills, is still inhabited by some of the wretched subjects of the Pacha of Acre, to whose mandates an instant and terrible obedience is exacted. The conversation of the Arabs was full of complaint against their governors. One of them said, "Beggars in England are happier and better than we poor Arabs." "*Why better?*" said one of our party. "Happier," replied the Arab, "in a good government: better, because they will not endure a bad one." P. 440.

The situation of the town is very distinctly marked in St. Luke's Gospel. "They led him unto the brow of a hill whereon their city was built." Its modern appearance exactly corresponds to this description. This solitary spot, so

often honoured as the residence of the Redeemer of mankind, is sunk into the most debased state of political subjection, as well as into the grossest superstition and ignorance. At the lower part of the town there is a Franciscan convent, where the friars show what they call the kitchen and fire place of the virgin: they have also a miraculous self-suspended pillar of granite.

The well-intentioned zeal of the Empress Helena, aided by the labours of a whole generation of opulent and powerful devotees, has covered with churches, and monasteries, and altars, almost every spot in the Holy Land, which tradition has pointed out as the scene of any of the transactions of our Saviour's life. Helena was the mother of the Emperor Constantine the first. In her eightieth year she commenced a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. The youthful spirit and enterprise of the undertaking are truly marvellous; but activity unattended by good sense, not only loses all its value, but often becomes positively pernicious. As a specimen of the discretion with which her improvements were conducted, it will be sufficient to refer to the structure, to which, for many centuries the name of the Holy Sepulchre has been affixed. The church by which this consecrated place is covered stands nearly in the centre of the modern city, and all travellers and writers on the subject, from the days of Eusebius down to those of Mons. de Chateaubriand, concur in bearing testimony to the identity of this spot with that in which the body of the Redeemer was deposited. The long existence of this opinion seems, however, to be the only evidence of its truth. The fabric to which the name of the Holy Sepulchre is now given, is built in the principal aisle of the church, and "beneath the main dome," and resembles, says Dr. Clarke, "a huge pepper box." The pilgrims by whom it is visited, are first introduced into a kind of antechapel, where is exhibited a block of white marble lying before the door of the interior chamber—the actual tomb, as Helena supposed, of the Saviour. This block is pointed out as that on which the angel sat; but corresponds "neither with the mouth of the sepulchre, nor with the substance from which it must have been hewn"—the rocks of Jerusalem consisting all, as Dr. Clarke informs us, of common compact limestone. From the account given by the Evangelists of the tomb of the Messiah, it seems unquestionable that it was formed by the excavation of a rock. Matthew, Luke and Mark, mention this circumstance. From St. John's gospel it appears that the sepulchre was immediately adjoining the place of crucifixion: *ἐν δὲ ἐν τῷ τόπῳ, ὅπου ἔσταυρώθη, κηπος, καὶ ἐν τῷ κηπῷ*

μνημείον καινὸν ἐν ᾧ ὁρίστω ὁδεῖς ἐτέθη. Ἐκεῖ ἐν δὲ τὴν παρασκευὴν τῶν Ἰσδαίων, κ. τ. λ. The name of Golgotha, signifying "the place of a Skull," and that of Calvary, which is synonymous with it, are supposed with great probability to indicate a place of sepulture. The ancient Jews, in common with all other eastern nations, among whom the burial of the dead was practised, constructed their tombs with incredible labour. Of these sepulchres, or *soroi*, very numerous examples are mentioned in the volume before us. They consist of large excavations, or chambers, formed in the lateral surface of lofty and durable rocks; and of this kind it is probable was that possessed by Joseph of Arimathea. Now at the supposed sepulchre of Jesus Christ, there is neither any *soros* remaining, nor any appearance of rocks in which such a receptacle might have been formed—neither does it retain any marks of those depositories of the dead, to which we may suppose the place of our Lord's burial to have owed the name of Golgotha. Shaw endeavours to explain this difficulty by saying, that all the rock was cut away to the level of the church, "leaving the tomb or grotto above ground." On examining this remaining *grotto*, however, Dr. Clarke could find no traces whatsoever of any ancient tomb. "The sides," says he, "consist of that beautiful breccia vulgarly called verd-antique marble, and over the entrance the substance is of the same nature."

Of the state of the Holy City itself, its population, manners, and government, we have but little information from Dr. Clarke. The following description of the approach of their cavalcade is given with his usual vivacity, and is no unfavourable specimen of his descriptive powers.

"At length, after about two hours had been passed in this state of anxiety and suspense, ascending a hill towards the south—*Hagiopolis*! exclaimed a Greek in the van of our cavalcade, and instantly throwing himself from his horse, was seen bare-headed upon his knees, facing the prospect he surveyed. Suddenly the sight burst upon us all. Who shall describe it! the effect produced was that of total silence throughout the whole company. Many of the party by an immediate impulse took off their hats, as if entering a church, without being sensible of so doing. The Greeks and Catholics shed torrents of tears, and presently beginning to cross themselves with unfeigned devotion, asked if they might be permitted to take off the covering from their feet, and proceed bare-footed to the Holy Sepulchre. We had not been prepared for the grandeur of the spectacle which the city alone exhibited. Instead of a wretched and ruined town, by some described as the desolated remnant of Jerusalem, we beheld, as it were, a flourishing and stately metropolis; presenting a magnificent assemblage of

domes, towers, palaces, churches, and monasteries; all of which, glittering in the sun's rays, shone with inconceivable splendour. As we drew near, our whole attention was engrossed by its noble and interesting appearance. The lofty hills whereby it is surrounded, give to the city itself an appearance of elevation inferior to that which it really possesses." P. 525.

At Jerusalem our travellers were well lodged, and very hospitably entertained, by the Franciscan friars of the convent of St. Salvador. These guardians of the Holy Sepulchre appear to enjoy a very sufficient proportion of the luxuries and comforts of life. Dr. Clarke and his company were regaled, in addition to the more substantial requisites of a good supper, with tea, (on which, by the way, he pronounces a cordial and well-merited eulogy,) lemonade, coffee, and "some bottles of Noyau." The last article appears to be in great demand at Jerusalem.

The manufactures of the place, or at least such as Dr. Clarke saw, consisted of beads, crosses, shells, rosaries, &c. Of their rosaries and amulets, some were wrought of the black fetid* limestone of the lake Asphaltites: it is worn in the East as a charm against the plague. The streets of Jerusalem are narrow, and the houses lofty, their lower stories having no windows. The bazars, or shops, are mean, poor, and unwholesome: the rapacity of the Turks had effectually prevented the exposure of any valuable articles for sale. The city is inhabited by a confused tribe of Christians, Jews and Mahometans: and they are generally listless and ignorant. The mosque of Omar, erected in the seventh century, by the Caliph of that name, on the site of the temple of Solomon, forms a most magnificent pile, superior, in the opinion of Dr. Clarke, to the mosque of Saint Sophia, in Constantinople. It is never opened to the profane gaze of Christians; nor could our author obtain from the governor, even through the interest of Djazzar Pacha's interpreter, permission to enter it. The Greek and Armenian convents are large and splendid. In the appearance of the latter every thing is oriental. "The Patriarch," says Dr. Clarke, "makes his appearance in a flowing vest of silk, instead of a monkish habit, and every thing around him bears the character of eastern magnificence. He receives his visitors in regal stateliness, sitting amidst clouds of incense, and regaling them with all the luxuries of a Persian court."

Few objects in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem are more

* "Chaux carbonatée fétide, *Haüy*." "Pierre puante," *Lameth*, Tom. II. p. 58. "Swinestone," *Kirwan*. "Stinkstein," *Brochant*, Tom. I. p. 567. *Spathum frictione fœtidum*," *Waller*, Tom. I. p. 148.

remarkable than the Mount of Olives. Though spoiled of its vegetation at the period of the siege, yet such is the natural aptitude of the soil for the growth of olive trees, that there are now to be found upon it many of a very venerable antiquity. At the foot of the mount there is a grove, still called the Garden of Gethsemane. At the descent of the Mount of Olives our Saviour "beheld the city and wept over it." David, flying from his son Absalom, "went up by the ascent of Mount Olivet, and wept as he went up." Cold, indeed, would be the heart of that man who could tread with indifference on this hallowed soil. The "plains of Marathon and the ruins of Iona tell," indeed, of glory and devotion, but they tell also of the extinction of science, and of the fall of empire. He who wanders among the consecrated hills "which stand about Jerusalem," who is surrounded by those scenes among which the temple of the Most High was once conspicuous—where the prophets of Jehovah denounced his dreadful vengeance, or hailed the approach of the great Redeemer—over which the star of Bethlehem arose, while the chorus of heaven proclaimed to earth the descent of the incarnate Deity, and from whence the meek and holy Jesus poured forth his benedictions on the pure in heart, the mourner, and the persecuted, while thousands re-echoed *their* blessings on him who had healed all their diseases—he, in fine, who sees that holy spot on which our expiring Redeemer, triumphing amidst agonies unutterable, exclaimed, "it is finished"—such a man will be wrapt into a far nobler company than that of the sages or warriors of Marathon or Iona; and though he may weep over the events which his memory will retrace, yet a joyful hope will dissipate his tears, when he remembers that the scenes among which he stands, will, ere long, witness the triumph of his Saviour's kingdom—that again all nations will worship towards Jerusalem—that the lion shall lie down with the kid, and that there, where the great sacrifice was completed, shall be seen the consummation of earthly happiness, and the glorious foretaste of heaven. In such feelings the author of this volume, we are well satisfied, has cordially sympathized.

Bethlehem is distant from Jerusalem about six miles. At this place the plague prevailed to such an extent, during Dr. Clarke's residence in the Holy Land, that when he announced to the monks of St. Salvador his intention of visiting it, he was informed, that if he persisted in his purpose, he could not be readmitted as a visitor at their monastery. Nothing deterred, however, by difficulties which would have alarmed a

less adventurous spirit, he finally quitted the Franciscan friars to visit the place of our Saviour's nativity.

The town lies on the ridge of a hill, on the southern side of a deep valley. A monastery is erected over the cave of the nativity, whose walls appeared like those of a vast fortress. The fear of contagion, however, prevented our traveller from exploring this building; and after all the mummeries which he had witnessed at Jerusalem, he had perhaps but little reason to lament his inability to see what would probably have been merely a repetition of them in a still more tiresome form. In the valley below the town is a well, by which Dr. Clarke's party halted for refreshment. Wells in the East are too valuable not to be very carefully preserved. Our author supposes this in the valley of Bethlehem to be the identical well, the waters of which were brought to David by three of his "mighty men" at the peril of their lives. "The garrison of the Philistines was then in Bethlehem."—"And David longed, and said, Oh! that one would give me to drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem which is by the gate." The conjecture, we think, is by no means devoid of probability. In connection with this illustration of the inspired writings it may be well to mention here a similar observation, made by Dr. Clarke in the *Terebinthine* vale, which lies in the road from Bethlehem to Jaffa. We give it in his own words.

"After three miles of as hard a journey, over hills and rocks, as any we had experienced, we entered the famous *Terebinthine* vale, renowned, during nineteen centuries, as the field of the victory gained by the youngest of the sons of Jesse over the uncircumcised champion of the Philistines, who had 'defied the armies of the living God.' The *admonitus locorum* cannot be more forcibly excited than by the word of Scripture: 'And Saul and the men of Israel were gathered together, and pitched by the valley of *Elah*, and set the battle in array against the Philistines. And the Philistine stood on a mountain on the one side, and Israel stood on a mountain on the other side; and there was a valley between them.' Nothing has ever occurred to alter the appearance of the country. As it was then, so it is now. The very brook whence David 'chose him five smooth stones,' has been noticed by many a thirsty pilgrim journeying from Jaffa to Jerusalem; all of whom must pass it in their way." P. 625.

Dr. Clarke's testimony as to the unequalled fertility of Judea is very remarkable. "It afforded," says he, "one of the most striking pictures of human industry which it is possible to behold." The rocks and valleys were covered with vines and olive trees. From their bases to their summits, the hills were a continued garden. Millet, cotton, linseed,

tobacco, and barley, were seen among other standing crops. "It is truly the Eden of the East, rejoicing in the abundance of its wealth." "Under a wise and beneficent government, the produce of the Holy Land would exceed all calculation."

The Dead Sea is seen from the hills of Bethlehem, apparently in their immediate vicinity, but, in fact, at the distance of a wearisome journey. The Arabs, by whom its shores were infested, prevented Dr. Clarke's approach. At the spot from which he beheld it, its appearance is wild, and in the highest degree majestic. It is upwards of seventy miles long, and nearly nineteen in breadth. Of this lake many marvels have been told. Mons. de Chateaubriand (as we have had occasion to notice in a former number) speaks of a "dismal sound proceeding from this lake of death *like the stifled clamours of the people ingulfed in its waters!*" That its shores produce fruit beautiful to the sight, but containing nothing but ashes—that its waters and exhalations are destructive of animal life—that it bears upon its surface even the heaviest metals—these, and numberless stories of a like character, have been perpetually repeated, and, as it should seem, from the more authentic accounts of Maundrell and Haselquist, with barely any foundation of truth. The accounts of the extraordinary specific gravity of its waters must, however, be excepted from this remark. Maundrell, a very high authority, asserts that it bore up his body in swimming, with uncommon strength. Every author, indeed, by whom the lake is mentioned, (as is observed by Dr. Clarke,) from Aristotle downwards, concurs in attesting the reality of this fact.

Of much narrower dimensions, but in beauty not inferior to the Dead Sea, is the Lake of Gennesareth, or the Sea of Gallilee. On its banks are the village of Emmaus, and the city or town of Capernaum. Our travellers enjoyed in its limpid waves all the luxury of the bath, in the highest perfection in which that luxury is to be found.

Nor, perhaps, is there in the world any climate in which this indulgence is more necessary or grateful. On his journey between Cana and Turan, Dr. Clarke and his companions retired into a cavern, excavated in some rocks overhanging the road, for the purpose of repairing a broken umbrella. It was now the 15th of July. The mercury in a gloomy recess under ground, perfectly shaded, while the scale was placed so as not to touch the rock, remained at 100 degrees of Fahrenheit. "As to making any observation in the sun's rays," says Dr. Clarke, "that was impossible; not one of the party had courage to wait with the thermometer a single minute in such a situation." Other evils, not less distressing than the

heat, they had likewise to encounter. "*The King of the Fleas*," said an Arab Sheik to the disconsolate travellers, "*holds his court at Tiberias*."

In subjection probably to this irresistible Autocrat, though independent of all other authority, the predatory Arab tribes infest the whole extent of the Holy Land. Two days before our author's arrival at Mount Thabor, a party of the Djezzar's cavalry had assaulted a numerous band of Arabs who were tending their herds, and had put many of them to death after driving off their cattle. The apology for this outrage was, that the Pacha's tribute could never be collected except by force. The first care of the Arabs, on these sudden encounters, is to remove to the mountains the sick, the aged, and the women; the great object of contest being the cattle, which are pastured on the rich plains with which the country abounds. "Their usual weapons consist of a lance, a poniard, an iron mace, a battle-axe, and sometimes a matchlock gun." They reside in tents, and resemble, in their general habits, the gipsy tribes in this country. They are generally grave and amiable in their disposition, and in their manners courteous and dignified. Their passionate fondness for their horses is well known. Dr. Clarke has quoted from the Chevalier D'Arvieux's *Travels in Palestine*, published at Paris, in the year 1717, a very curious instance of the warmth of this feeling, which well deserves to be repeated. An Arab named Ibrahim, having become poor, was under the necessity of permitting a merchant of Rama to become a partner with him in the possession of a favourite mare. He made frequent journeys to see her, and the following is a translation of one of the many addresses made by this poor Arab to his mare on one of these occasions.

"Mes yeux, lui disoit-il, mon âme, mon cœur, faut il que je sois assez malheureux pour t'avoir vendue à tant de maîtres, et pour ne te pas garder avec moi? Je suis pauvre ma Gazelle! (antelope) tu le sçais bien, ma mignonne. Je t'ai élevée dans ma maison tout comme ma fille; je ne t'ai jamais battué ne grondée; je t'ai caressée tout de mon mieux. Dieu te conserve, ma bien aimée! Tu es belle, tu es douce, tu es aimable! Dieu te preserve du regard des envieux." P. 494. note.

This is, however, a favourable sketch of the tenderness of heart of these sons of the desert, heightened, it may be, by some touches of French eloquence. Of their sterner mood our author had, in his own person, a very intelligible specimen. His baggage, containing, among other things, all his journals, had been seized by some Arabs lying at the village of Bethoor, in the neighbourhood of Rama. Attended by an Arab chief at

the head of a troop of horsemen, Dr. Clarke proceeded to the camp in which his goods were detained. Here a long and angry dialogue commenced between the sheik, who had got possession of the plunder, and the chief by whom our traveller had been escorted. The subject of the conference was, the expediency of making prisoners of the unfortunate Europeans. At length the formidable name of the Djezzar Pacha prevailed, decided the dispute in favour of our countryman's liberation, who, but for his potent ally, had not probably survived to tell the tale of his hairbreadth escape.

Dr. Clarke and his companions, after their visit to the Arabs at Bethoor, proceeded through Rama to the town of Jaffa. At Jaffa he found the plague had preceded him. On the sands adjoining the town, he was repeatedly shocked with the appearance of dead bodies, from which the waves had washed off the thin covering of sand under which they had been deposited. The British consul at the place informed our travellers, that these were the remains of persons who had fallen victims to the ravages of the plague, and who had been carried thither for interment. The mention of Jaffa reminds us of a passage in Dr. Clarke's book, which we are happy to mention. He wholly discredits the story of the supposed massacre of the sick in the French hospitals. The ground of his disbelief, and, as we think, a very satisfactory ground, is the total silence upon the subject of the British consul, and all the other inhabitants of the place with whom he conversed. They were in the highest degree irritated at the conduct of the French, and lost no occasion of vilifying their characters; but though Dr. Clarke was at Jaffa so soon after the supposed butchery took place, he never, he says, heard this accusation even hinted at. The cause of humanity could gain but little, though it may lose much, from the propagation of unfounded calumnies, even against the bitterest enemy of human happiness; nor, alas! is it necessary to look to doubtful authority for proof of the relentless barbarity of the invader of Spain, and the spoiler of Moscow.

On casting our eyes over the sketch we have attempted to give to our readers of this valuable work, we are deeply sensible of the inadequacy of what we have written to convey to them any tolerable notion of the curious, important and amusing information with which it abounds. Nor, in estimating the ability of the author, must it be forgotten, that all the observations on the manners—the antiquities—the sacred, profane, and natural history of the Holy Land, with which 256 quarto pages of his volume are filled, were accumulated under all the disadvantages of a noxious and burning climate, and

amidst constant interruptions from the plundering Arab tribes, in the short space of *twelve days*. We do not, however, wish to be understood, as wondering that so much printing could be got up in so short a time. Sir John Carr, or M. Kotzebue, we dare say, would have compiled twice the quantity in half the allowance, with all imaginable ease; and in reading even Dr. Clarke's book, we have seldom occasion to lament that he had not longer opportunity of observation. With him, as with less eminent men, first impressions, however vivid and distinct, are occasionally inaccurate and partial; but his book is, after all, a very curious example of activity of mind, and enterprise of spirit, successfully directed to the acquisition of useful knowledge. We do not, we think, hazard much in saying, that we know of none of his cotemporaries, with the single exception of Humboldt, who could so well have accomplished such an undertaking. And, although among the numerous travellers whose names are still recorded with respect in the history of English literature, many (as Bruce, and Captain Cook, and Parke) have done incomparably more in extending our knowledge of remote and trackless regions; yet, perhaps, no man has made greater contributions, than the author whose works we have been considering, to that stock of accurate, distinct, and minute information, which forms the surest basis of sound philosophy—no one has surveyed the world with the advantage of more various learning, or has communicated to the public the result of his remarks on mankind, in a style more perfectly free from vulgarity, feebleness, or bad taste, or more distinguished for clearness, elegance, and facility.

After all, however, we are not, perhaps, quite impartial judges in this case; or, at least, had our duty called on us to censure instead of to praise, it would have been a duty which we fear we should hardly have prevailed on ourselves to perform. Critics though we are, "we are not stocks and stones;" and we will confess that our hearts have warmed towards this distinguished person, ever since we read his noble vindication of the best interests of his fellow men in the meeting of the Bible Society at the University of Cambridge. Though far from the presumption of claiming in any other respect an equality with him, yet in zeal for the great cause among the most eloquent champions of which he is justly numbered, we will not admit even his superiority. His literary eminence will deservedly secure to him the applauses of the few, the comparatively few, who can justly appreciate the extent of his learning and the elegance of his taste: but thousands, and tens of thousands of his poor and ignorant fellow creatures, will have cause to bless, though they may be unable to applaud him.

In the still and solitary moments of life, and in the last awful scene when human praise loses its power to charm, he will, we doubt not, remember with delight, that he has so often diverted his mind from the pursuit of literary glory to engage in the still nobler effort of promoting the happiness of mankind, and unrolling the leaves of that volume, "which discloses to the eye of faith the realities and prospects of eternity."

Rejected Addresses ; or, The New Theatrum Poetarum.

[From the Monthly Review, for November, 1812.]

THAT species of humour which consists in imitating the style of well known writers, and in attributing compositions to them which they might have produced, has not been unfrequent in England : but the difficulty of abstaining from caricature in these attempts, and at the same time the necessity of heightening the usual manner of the author with a delicate degree of exaggeration, have proved obstacles to the general success of such endeavours. At present, we do not recollect above four or five instances in which this kind of *jeu d'esprit* has been popular ; especially if we confine ourselves to more modern times. Beginning with the celebrated pamphlet of "*Anticipation*," in which Mr. Tickell so happily foretold some of the speeches of our greatest orators, we can reckon only five eminently successful productions of the nature in question :—viz. "*Anticipation*," the "*Probationary Odes*," "*The Rolliad*," parts of "*The Anti-jacobin Newspaper*," and the "*Rejected Addresses*."

Those of our readers who are not yet thoroughly acquainted with the merits of the little volume before us, will be equally surprised and pleased when they discover the justice of the classification which we have made above, and find that the last in our list of humorous imitations thoroughly deserves to be ranked with its predecessors. That such readers may immediately be enabled to adopt a very general opinion, we shall not delay their amusement by any superfluous remarks of our own : but, after having briefly recorded the origin and design of the publication, we shall proceed to extract rather copious passages, illustrative of the great versatility of talent with which many of our more distinguished versifiers are here imitated.

A prize for poetical contention having been proposed in the address to be spoken at the opening of Drury-Lane new Theatre, the lucky idea of publishing a collection of imaginary

“Rejected Addresses,” and of attributing them to popular names, occurred to the present author.* The initials of the supposed *Addressers* are subjoined to the titles of their respective poems: but, since without this aid the extraordinary spirit and fidelity of the imitation would, in every case, have betrayed the original intended, we see no impropriety in our giving the names at full length.

The first address in the volume is ascribed to W. T. Fitzgerald, Esq.; the well-known loyalty and patriotism of whose poetical effusions, and indeed every other characteristic of his style, (especially that of the hecatomb of sense offered on the single altar of sound,) are most happily hit off. Let the following specimens speak for themselves:

“Hail glorious edifice! stupendous work!
God bless the Regent, and the Duke of York!”

“Gallia’s stern despot shall in vain advance
From Paris, the metropolis of France;
By this day month the monster shall not gain
A foot of land in Portugal or Spain.
See Wellington in Salamanca’s field
Forces his favourite General to yield,
Breaks through his lines, and leaves his boasted Marmont
Expiring on the plain without an arm on:
Madrid he enters at the cannon’s mouth,
And then the villages still further south.
Base Buonaparte, filled with deadly ire,
Sets one by one our playhouses on fire:
Some years ago he pounced with deadly glee on
The Opera House, then burnt down the Pantheon;”—

Again,

“Who burnt (confound his soul!) the houses twain
Of Covent Garden and of Drury Lane?
Who, while the British squadron lay off Cork,
(God bless the Regent, and the Duke of York,)
With a foul earthquake ravaged the Caraccas,
And raised the price of dry goods and tobaccos?
Who makes the quartern loaf and Luddites rise?
Who fills the butchers’ shops with large blue flies?
Who thought in flames St. James’s court to pinch?
Who burnt the wardrobe of poor Lady Finch?
Why he, who, forging for this isle a yoke,
Reminds me of a line I lately spoke,
‘The tree of freedom is the British oak.’

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* Or, rather, as we understand, authors;—two gentlemen of the name of Smith, (of the profession of the law, in the city,) who had before succeeded in some anonymous songs, and minor writings for the stage.

" Bless every man possessed of aught to give ;
 Long may Long Tilney Wellesley Long Pole live ;
 God bless the army, bless their coats of scarlet,
 God bless the navy, bless the Princess Charlotte,
 God bless the guards, tho' worsted Gallia scoff,
 God bless their pig-tails, though they're now cut off ;
 And Oh, in Downing-street should Old Nick revel,
 England's prime minister, then bless the Devil !"

" The Baby's Debut" follows : it is spoken in the character of Nancy Lake, a girl eight years of age ; who is drawn on the stage in a child's chaise by her uncle's porter, Samuel Hughes. We have room only for one short extract, which needs not be attributed to Mr. W. Wordsworth. The vacant simplicity of the thoughts, and the perverse silliness of *court-
ing* the use of vulgar and monosyllabic words in poetry, are self-evident proofs of authenticity :

" What a large floor, 'tis like a town !
 The carpet, when they lay it down,
 Won't hide it, I'll be bound ;
 And there's a row of lamps, my eye !
 How they do blaze ! I wonder why
 They keep them on the ground."

The author might have chosen his motto to this address from Cowper :

" A little address
 May be followed, perhaps, by a smile:"

but he may have done better in adopting the words of Cumberland, used on a similar subject :

" Nature's true idiot I prefer to thee."

" *Cui Bono ?*" by Lord Byron, is a most living imitation of " Childe Harold." The verses, in the first place, are very good ; and the flow of Spenser's stanza, as written by Lord B., is entirely preserved. The boldness and occasional quaintness of the noble author's phraseology are equally well imitated ; and that satiety of pleasure, and wearisomeness of existence, that almost absorbing sensation of the " dull, stale and unprofitable" in life, which pervade his lordship's melancholy but strong effort of genius, are here re-echoed and ridiculed in an unrivalled manner :

" Sated with home, of wife, of children tired,
 The restless soul is driven abroad to roam ;
 Sated abroad, all seen, yet naught admired,
 The restless soul is driven to ramble home ;

Sated with both, beneath new Drury's dome
 The fiend Ennui awhile consents to pine,
 There growls, and curses, like a deadly Gnome,
 Scorning to view fantastic Columbine,
 Viewing with scorn and hate the nonsense of the Nine.

"Ye reckless dupes, who hither wend your way,
 To gaze on dupes who meet an equal doom,
 Pursuing pastimes glittering to betray,
 Like falling stars in life's eternal gloom,
 What seek ye here? Joy's evanescent bloom?
 Wo's me! the brightest wreaths she ever gave
 Are but as flowers that decorate a tomb,
 Man's heart, the mournful urn o'er which they wave,
 Is sacred to despair, its pedestal the grave.

"Has life so little store of real woes,
 That here ye wend to taste fictitious grief?
 Or is it that from truth such anguish flows
 Ye court the lying drama for relief?
 Long shall ye find the pang, the respite brief,
 Or if one tolerable page appears
 In folly's volume, 'tis the actor's leaf,
 Who dries his own by drawing others' tears,
 And raising present mirth, makes glad his future years."

We must subjoin one other brief specimen, which is as ludicrously solemn as any thing that we recollect.

"Shakspeare, how true thine adage, 'fair is foul!'
 To him whose soul is with fruition fraught,
 The song of Braham is an Irish howl,
 Thinking is but an idle waste of thought,
 And naught is every thing, and every thing is naught."

A prose address by W. Cobbett succeeds. It is spoken in the character of a Hampshire farmer who has rarely visited the theatres, and who declares his intention of doing so as rarely in future, until "that abominable custom of taking money at the doors is discontinued." He praises the want of ornament in the exterior of the theatre, which, he reminds the audience, is of truly English manufacture, "a plain, homely, honest, industrious, wholesome, *brown brick play-house*." He says to that "most thinking people," whom he addresses, "you might have sweltered till doomsday in that place with the Greek name," (the Lyceum,) "and neither Lord Castlereagh, Mr. Canning, no, nor the Marquis Wellesley, would have turned a trowel to help you out! Remember that. Never forget that. Read it to your children, and to your children's children." He rejoices to be informed, although he does not

vouch for it, that Macbeth and Lady Macbeth are no longer to have "more gold and silver plastered over their doublets than would have kept an honest family in butcher's meat and flannel from year's end to year's end;" but that Lady M. is to appear "in a plain quilted petticoat," and Macbeth "in a pair of black calamanco breeches. Not *Salamanca*; no, nor *Talavera* neither, my most noble Marquis; but plain, honest, black calamanco, stuff breeches."

In "The Living Lustres," by Thomas (*Anacreon*) Moore, the poet recommends a row of female *beauties* instead of *lamps* to light the theatre. This is perhaps not so perfectly good an imitation as most of the others, but the following stanza will be recognised and applauded by the author's warmest admirers:

"And dear is the Emerald Isle of the Ocean,
Whose daughters are fair as the foam of the wave;
Whose sons, unaccustomed to rebel commotion,
Tho' joyous, are sober, tho' peaceful, are brave!"

"The Rebuilding," by Robert Southey, must (we think) greatly please that original poet. It may be considered as a new edition of the *Curse of Kehama*, abridged, with very slight variations:

"I am a blessed Glendoveer;
'Tis mine to speak and yours to hear.

— — — — —
Midnight, yet not a nose
From Tower-hill to Piccadilly snored!
Midnight, yet not a nose
From Indra drew the essence of repose.
See with what crimson fury,
By Indra fann'd, the god of fire ascends the walls
of Drury;
The tops of houses, blue with lead,
Bend beneath the landlord's tread;
Master and 'prentice, serving man and lord,
Nailor and tailor,
Grazier and brazier,
Thro' streets and alleys poured,
All, all abroad to gaze,
And wonder at the blaze.
Thick calf, fat foot, and slim knee,
Mounted on roof and chimney,
The mighty roast, the mighty stew
To see;
As if the dismal view
Were but to them a Brentford jubilee."

Again,

“ Now come the men of fire to quench the fires,
 To Russel-street, see Globe and Atlas flock,
 Hope gallops first and second Rock;
 On flying heel,
 See Hand in Hand
 O’ertake the band,
 View with what glowing wheel
 He nicks
 Phoenix;”
 While Albion scampers from Bridge-street, Blackfriars,
 Drury Lane! Drury Lane!
 Drury Lane! Drury Lane!
 They shout and they hollow again and again.
 All, all in vain!
 Water turns steam;
 Each blazing beam
 Hisses defiance to the eddying spout;
 It seems but too plain that nothing can put it out;
 Drury Lane! Drury Lane!
 See Drury Lane expires!”

Apollo, or Surya, entitled “ *the beaming one*,” and Harlequin, addressed as follows,

— “ Oh brown of slipper, as of hat!”

must surely have been suggested by the author of the “Curse,” the friend of George Withers, himself.

“Drury’s Dirge,” by Laura Matilda, is well executed, but out of time and place. This is stepping aside for the worthy purpose of “thrice slaying the slain.” The existence of the Della Cruscans is only to be remembered in their epitaph. As Curl and his crew would have gone out like a stinking candle, unless they had been preserved in all their bad odour by the Dunciad, so would the nameless sentimentalists in question have expired, had they not been consecrated to eternal ridicule in the Baviad and Mæviad: but one such shrine is enough for worthlessness.

“The Tale of Drury Lane,” by Walter Scott, Esq. is not uniformly successful: but a part of it is Marmion himself. For instance, the topography of London, and the names, and dresses, and engines of the firemen, are as minute and as full of repetition (that soul of ballad-writing) as propriety required: but the pervading force and rapidity of Scott’s genius are wanting in the poetry. Must we say,

“Within that circle none dares tread but he?”

Assuredly, they are only the obvious faults of this writer which

are here burlesqued :—but who is Aristarchus enough to frown at the following attempt of “Higginbottom” to rescue “Muggins?”

“Did none attempt, before he fell,
To succour one they loved so well?
Yes, Higginbottom did aspire
(His fireman’s soul was all on fire)
His brother chief to save;
But ah! his reckless, generous ire
Served but to share his grave!
Mid blazing beams and scalding streams,
Thro’ fire and smoke he dauntless broke,
Where Muggins broke before.
But sulphury stench and boiling drench
Destroying sight o’erwhelmed him quite,
He sunk to rise no more.
Still o’er his head, while fate he braved,
His whizzing water-pipe he waved;
‘Whitford and Mitford ply your pumps,
‘You, Clutterbuck, come stir your stumps,
‘Why are you in such doleful dumps!
‘A fireman and afraid of bumps!
‘What are they fear’d on, fools, ’od rot ’em,’
Were the last words of Higginbottom.”

“A Prologue by Johnson’s Ghost,” which is the next in succession, contains some passages in which the abstract terms and the *sesquipedalia verba* of the great moralist are justly though ludicrously represented: but, on the whole, the copy is overcharged, and it is entirely out of date.

“The Beautiful Incendiary, by the Hon. W. S.” meaning Mr. Spencer,* is, in parts, very fortunate; the opening in particular:

“Sobriety cease to be sober,
Cease, Labour, to dig and to delve;
All hail to this tenth of October,
One thousand eight hundred and twelve.”

“Fire and Ale,” by M. G. Lewis, Esq. revives the half forgotten extravagancies of “The Tales of Wonder,” and displays as much fancy as the wildest attempts of the original:

“Look! look! ’tis the ale king! so stately and starch,
Whose votaries scorn to be sober;
He pops from his vat, like a cedar or torch;
Brown stout is his doublet, he hops in his march,
And froths at the mouth in October.

“His spear is a spigot, his shield is a bung,” &c. &c.

* This imitation has been supposed to be intended for Mr. Skeffington instead of Mr. Spencer: but in both cases the title *honourable* is incorrect.

The allusion to the restorer of Old Drury in this passage is good-humoured and unobjectionable.

"Play House Musings," by S. T. Coleridge, is one of the best burlesques that we ever had the pleasure of reading. The mournful yet familiar sentimentality of these "Musings" opens an exquisite vein of humour :

" My pensive public, wherefore look you sad ?
I had a grandmother, she kept a donkey
To carry to the mart her crockery ware,
And when that donkey look'd me in the face,
His face was sad ! and you are sad, my public !

" Joy should be yours : this tenth day of October
Again assembles us in Drury Lane.
Long wept my eye to see the timber planks
That hid our ruins ; many a day I cried
Ah me ! I fear they never will rebuild it !
Till on one eve, one joyful Monday eve,
As along Charles-street I prepared to walk,
Just at the corner, by the pastry cook's,
I heard a trowel tick against a brick.
I look'd me up, and straight a parapet
Uprose, at least seven inches o'er the planks.
Joy to thee, Drury ! to myself I said,
He of Blackfriars Road who hymn'd thy downfall
In loud hosannahs, and who prophecied
That flames like those from prostrate Solyma
Would scorch the hand that ventur'd to rebuild thee,
Has proved a lying prophet."—

" Oh ! 'twas a goodly sound to hear the people
Who watched the work, express their various thoughts !
While some believed it never would be finished,
Some on the contrary believed it would.

" I've heard our front that faces Drury Lane,
Much criticised ; they say 'tis vulgar brick work,
A mimic manufactory of floor cloth.
One of the morning papers wished that front
Cemented, like the front in Brydges-street !
As it now looks, they call it Wyatt's Mermaid,
A handsome woman with a fish's tail."

The conclusion is indeed "*to the life*:"

" Amid the freaks that modern fashion sanctions,
It grieves me much to see live animals
Brought on the stage. Grimaldi has his rabbit,
Laurent his cat, and Bradbury his pig ;
Fie on such tricks ! Johnson, the machinist
Of former Drury, imitated life

Quite to the life. The elephant in Blue Beard,
Stuffed by his hand, wound round his lithe proboscis
As spruce as he who roared in Padmanaba.

"Naught born on earth should die. On hackney stands
I reverence the coachman who cries 'Gee,'
And spares the lash. When I behold a spider
Prey on a fly, a magpie on a worm,
Or view a butcher with horn-handled knife,
Slaughter a tender lamb as dead as mutton,
Indeed, indeed, I'm very, very sick!

[*Exit hastily.*]"

"Drury Lane Hustings," by "A Pic Nic Poet," is a song of very little merit; and who is the author intended we are ignorant.

"Architectural Atoms," by Dr. Busby, contain an imitation of an inedited work; and, not having attended the Doctor's recitations, we have no means of appreciating the similarity: but we perceive a strong likeness of Dr. Darwin in several passages, whether that resemblance be intentional or accidental. Perhaps, indeed, the imitation may *kill two birds with one stone*; and that this must often be the case, a very superficial acquaintance with modern poetry will sufficiently evince. Who can precisely distinguish between some compositions of Anacreon Moore, Lord Strangford, and Mr. Spencer? Who exactly knows where Wordsworth's childishness ends, and Southey's puerility begins? Who can indisputably mark the line of circumvallation, which shuts out Scott in his feebleness from Constance of Castile,* from the Minstrels of Acre,† from Roncevalles,‡ from Wallace,§ from Christina? ||

"— *facies non omnibus una*

"*Nec diversa tamen, qualis decet esse sororum.*"

"The Theatrical Alarm Bell," by the editor of the Morning Post, exhibits some good burlesque on outrageous loyalty; and on that irrational idea which seems to engross the minds of so many party-men, that those who oppose *them* must necessarily be wicked as well as foolish.

"An Address without a Phœnix, by S. T. P." compared with what is said [about the introduction of a Phœnix into such compositions] in the preface, seems to have been written by the author, or some of his friends. It is evidently serious, and perhaps as evidently shows the truth of the old saying, "*non omnia possumus omnes.*" The humour of S. T. P., we are greatly inclined to think, exceeds his gravity. However

* By Sotheby.

§ By Miss Holford.

† Anonymous.

|| By Miss Mitford.

‡ By F. T. Balfour.

this may be, the address in question, if it must have a model, resembles a cento from Pope, and our other genuine poets, more than any modern original. "*Up leap'd the Muses,*" indeed, is too close and literal a translation of the ἀνορθσαν of Homer. "*Up rose the King of men with speed,*" has more dignity.

The succeeding addresses, by Momus Medlar, Esq.* are very inferior to the imitations. There is little human merit in a mere horselaugh; and yet it is impossible to be so "stubborn as to resist all tendency to laughter," (according to Johnson's charge against Swift,) when we read such a chorus as the following, in the burlesque on the play of *The Stranger*, who is introduced

"With his sentimentalibus lachrymæ roar 'em,
And pathos and bathos delightful to see,
And chop and change ribs a-la-mode Germanorum,
And high diddle ho diddle, pop tweedle dee."

"The Theatre," by the Rev. G. Crabbe, does ample justice to the subject and the author. It contains some lines, indeed, which again remind us of Dr. Darwin instead of their supposed writer: but the story of the loss of Pat Jennings's hat, which drops from the upper into the lower gallery, for plain vulgar flatness of idea and expression, is unequalled even by the choicest specimens in the "*Borough*," or the "*Tales*." Why will an author, who abounds in beautiful passages, voluntarily degrade his poetical character, by a false estimate of the merit of being quite homespun and *natural*, or by the most culpable carelessness of style?—either, in short, by some absurd theory, or by the idlest practice? Why destroy all the delusion, all the *beau idéal* of poetry, by mixing with some of its most charming efforts such a tame tissue of low thoughts and prosaic expressions? Why be content to lose the world for a poor-house?

"Pat Jennings in the upper gallery sat,
But leaning forward, Jennings lost his hat;
Down from the gallery the beaver flew,
And spurned the one, to settle in the two.
How shall he act? Pay at the gallery door
Two shillings for what cost when new but four?
Now, while his fears anticipate a thief,
John Mullins whispers, take my handkerchief.
'Thank you, cries Pat, but one won't make a line;
Take mine, cried Wilson, and, cried Stokes, take mine.

* From this *nom de guerre*, we conclude one or both of these authors to have written that great dramatic work, entitled "*The Highgate Tunnel*," and some others of a similar nature.

A motley cable soon Pat Jennings ties,
 Where Spitalfields with real India vies,
 Like Iris' bow, down darts the painted hue,
 Starred, striped and spotted, yellow, red, and blue, }
 Old calico, torn silk, and muslin new;
 George Green below, with palpitating hand,
 Loops the last 'kerchief to the beaver's band;
 Up soars the prize; the youth, with joy unfeigned,
 Regained the felt, and felt what he regained,
 While to the applauding galleries grateful Pat,
 Made a low bow, and touched the ransomed hat."

The concluding example of wanton humour (if it can so be called) is attributed to G. Colman the Younger: but "Punch's Apotheosis" is very unworthy of that humorist, excepting in his idlest and worst manner. It is, therefore, much more appropriately given to Mr. T. H. (we presume, Mr. Theodore Hook,) in the second edition of the "Rejected Addresses:"—this, probably, was suggested by the alteration of the hero in the Dunciad.

We now take our leave of this pleasing publication; which may not only be said to have increased "the stock of harmless gayety," but which, if rightly taken, is capable of producing a serious improvement in our literature. Yet we are not sanguine as to its effecting any part of what it ought to effect; because we fear that the self-love of authorship will scarcely suffer even the poet, whose bad taste has received the best-tempered admonition in this burlesque, to profit by the hint, and, "flinging away the *worser* part" of himself,

"To live more nobly with the purer half."

A publication which professes to supply us with some of the *real* Rejected Addresses has just appeared.

Chronological Retrospect; or, Memoirs of the Principal events of the Mahomedan History, from the death of the Arabian Legislator to the Accession of the Emperor Akbar, and the Establishment of the Moghul Empire in Hindustan. From original Persian Authorities. By Major David Price, of the East-India Company's service. In three Volumes 4to. Vol. I. London, 1811.

[From the British Review, for March, 1812.]

It has been the usage of the more recently established periodical vehicles of criticism, of which we have frequently

availed ourselves, to consider *subjects* rather than *works*: using the latter, or even their titles only, as a convenience for the introduction of essays on the former. We are convinced that the exercise of the privilege in the hands of an original thinker may often be productive of advantage to the public when attended by judgment and discretion, although, in the instance of the work before us, we feel disposed to discuss its merits rather than its comprehensive subject; but giving no pledge that we shall not avail ourselves to a certain extent of the latitude allowed us, and stretch our view beyond the limits of the book itself.

Not, however, that we shall attempt any regular introduction or analysis of this compendium of Mahomedan history. Such an attempt would lead us into a retrospect much beyond our limits; and would demand a research which, though fully aware of its importance, we are not equally convinced of our ability to prosecute in a profitable or satisfactory manner.

It ought not, in reason, to be always expected that the conductors of a critical journal can be so fully competent to the elucidation of every topic as the authors themselves, who select such topics for their peculiar investigation. This is a concession that has not, so far as we are aware, been yet made by any of our predecessors, or competitors, or coadjutors, or whatever term may suit them best; and we therefore trust that we shall be allowed the whole merit of the originality, as well as of the modesty—and it is not affected—of the concession. We feel no self-abasement in admitting, for instance, that the author of the work before us is more competent to the task of introducing his history by a preliminary discourse than we are of doing it for him. He evidently has devoted very respectable talents, and many patient and toilsome years to the development of his subject, or, as the language of his authorities would more poetically express it, to fathoming the ocean of oriental literature, and collecting the scattered pearls that he has here strung on the thread of history. That he has done so much demands our acknowledgments. Still we cannot but regret that he has not done something more. We think that he has introduced his subject too abruptly, and wish that he had devoted a few pages to its previous discussion. The value of Sale's excellent translation of the Koran is greatly enhanced by his preliminary discourse. The same may be said of the history of Charles V. And a preface of a similar nature to Major Price's Retrospect would have remedied the evident abruptness of the present introduction. His object is, moreover, farther removed from the ordinary

course of reading and reflection, than that of either of the works alluded to; and he will, we think, see the reasonableness of our remark.

We shall, therefore, plainly suggest to him, as the completion of his work is still prospective, the expediency of a few preliminary pages, explaining the theological and political state of the countries that first embraced Islâm, or were overwhelmed by its ferocious champions. Such a chapter might be still constructed as a preface to the first volume, which is evidently its most appropriate place; and if given even with the last would easily arrange itself with the work. A map in outline of the extended theatre on which his *tragedians* acted, would afford great additional facilities towards a connected view of the author's diversified and intricate drama. We are further induced to suggest a specification more at length of the authorities from which the facts detailed in this work are taken. There is, indeed, a notice of this in every page, so far as regards the *title* of the works so laid under contribution; but we rather wish for a catalogue raisonnée of those original authorities.

The "Retrospect of Mahommedan History" is intended to be comprised in three volumes; of which the first only has yet reached us, commencing with the 8th year, and concluding with the subversion of the house of Ommeyah, in the 132d of the Hejra, or A. D. 750. The second volume will commence, as we are told in the preface to this,

"With the accession of the house of Abbas, and terminate with the death of Sultan Ahmed Jullâeir the Eylekhaunian, in the 812th year of the Hejra; and the third volume will commence with the early history of the Tcheghatayan branch of the descendants of Jengueiz, the immediate ancestors of Teymûr, and close with the accession of Akbar, in the 963d year of the same æra, the 1556th of Christ; each distinctly comprising within itself a separate portion of oriental history, and all together embracing a period little short of ten centuries." P. vii.

The researches of the author have been directed, and his object in general confined, to trace within this portion of time

"The progress of Mahommedan grandeur, as it shifted its position from its parent seat of Medeinah, first to Kûfah, and next to the envied and luxuriant region of Damascus; thence to Baghdâd and the banks of the Tigris; to Tebreiz or Tauris, Sûltauniah, and Herât; and ultimately to the Indus and the banks of the Ganges. The scene of these transactions which he has attempted to delineate, will accordingly be laid, for the most part, in the regions extending from the river Oxus to the Peninsula of Arabia, and from the Ganges to the shores of the Mediterranean." P. iv.

It is impracticable to give, within an ordinary compass, any satisfactory analysis of a work superabounding in incidents, and in such a variety of transitions. We shall, therefore, content ourselves with offering some extracts as fair specimens of its style, and such remarks as the subjects may suggest.

The opening of the work affords a favourable specimen of the correctness of the author in points more important than that of mere talent.

“That there existed in the genius of Mahommedanism something calculated to inspire the most powerful energies and exertions, has been too widely and fearfully exemplified in the unparalleled successes of its votaries, to be now made a question. But without conceding too far to the opinions of some very distinguished modern authorities on the subject, there are, in the experience of succeeding ages, sufficient grounds for the belief, that its early and rapid advancement is to be ascribed, in an equal degree, to the degenerate spirit of its opposers, and to the already corrupted state of Christianity in the sixth and seventh centuries. If, indeed, the gospel of peace and benevolence, delivered in spotless purity by a mild Redeemer for the welfare and happiness of mankind, had, even at that period, through human folly and depravity, suffered a deplorable perversion; if the minds of men were become already unhinged and embittered by acrimonious controversies, by impious, unavailing, and contradictory attempts to analyze those mysterious properties of the Divine nature, so far beyond the scope of the human faculties to comprehend; if the sole object of pure and rational devotion had been in a manner lost sight of, through the degrading substitution of image worship; ‘through the cloud of martyrs, saints, and angels, interposed before the throne of Omnipotence;’ it is almost impossible to avoid the inference, that in the state of ignorance which then generally pervaded the mass of society, the world was sufficiently predisposed to embrace any change or innovation that might be recommended for its adoption, under the influence of superior talents, and a plausible exterior of sanctity. The surprise will therefore cease, that, with endowments of no ordinary stamp, and with the united aid of fraud and violence, the self-commissioned and aspiring legislator of the Arabs should have succeeded in engrafting on the minds of his uninformed, but ardent countrymen, together with the sublime and eternal truth that ‘there is only one God,’ an acquiescence at least, if not a belief, in the unconnected rhapsodies of the Koran; and in the fiction necessary, perhaps, to the establishment of his doctrines, and not less to his views of ambition, that he was the apostle of God.” P. 2.

The account of the death of Mahommed, with which the first chapter terminates, exhibits an instance of the easy faith of the early bigots to the even then widely spread doctrines of Islâm. It exhibits, also, some lines of the genius of that

faith, and a specimen, though no favourable one, of the style of the Rouzet as Suffa, whence the relation is taken. We shall extract a portion of it, regretting our inability to include the interesting prelude to the exit from this mortal stage of the extraordinary person adverted to.

“ In concluding the subject with a statement almost too preposterous for the digestion of the grossest credulity, we can offer no apology but that it is throughout closely copied from the sense of the original. When Azrâil, the angel of death, after much preliminary ceremony, had at last obtained admission to the chamber of the prophet, he introduced himself with the customary salutation of the country; and conveyed to him, furthermore, an all hail! from that Almighty Being whose decrees he was appointed to execute; professing, at the same time, that he was enjoined not to interfere with the soul of God's prophet, without an entire acquiescence on his part. Mahommed entreated that he would suspend the execution of his dreadful office until the angel Gabriel should appear. At that instant the mandate of eternal beneficence reached the prince who rules over the powers of darkness, to extinguish the flames of hell, while the ministers of destiny were conveying the pure spirit of the favourite of Omnipotence to the mansions of immortality. The never-fading virgins of paradise; the ministering angels; the heavenly choirs; the glorious inmates of interminable bliss, arrayed in all their brightest splendour, all unfolded in countless myriads to celebrate the approach of Mahommed. Charged with intelligence so full of bliss and consolation, the archangel, yet sorrowing for the miseries of humanity, approached the chamber of his expiring friend, who complained in mild remonstrance of his cruel dereliction at a crisis to him so awful. Gabriel, in reply, offered to console, and congratulate him at the same time, on those glorious preparations, in which the whole host of heaven were employed for his reception into the realms of bliss. The prophet, with that cold indifference which sometimes marks the hour of death, observed, that so far every thing accorded with his wishes; yet there was some circumstance farther required to afford him that delight of soul which he still panted to experience. The archangel then added, that the enjoyments of heaven were closed against the prophets and saints, his predecessors, until that happy period when he and his faithful followers should make their entrance. Mahommed still professed that there was something undescribed, without which his happiness must continue imperfect and incomplete. Gabriel, with an indulgence truly ethereal for this unquenchable thirst after happiness in a mere mortal, concluded the catalogue of glories which awaited him, by farther announcing, that whilst his Creator thus chose to signalize him with marks of his divine bounty, so transcendent, so far surpassing the lot of all preceding prophets, to his portion was added the fountain of immortality, in a station of the most exalted glory. And, last of all, to him was assigned the noblest privilege,

the richest meed of benevolence; that of interceding before the mercy seat of Omnipotence, in behalf of those who believed in him; so that, on the fearful day of judgment, so vast would be the multitude of his followers received to mercy through his sole mediation, that he should not fail to participate, to a transcendent degree, in that pure and ineffable delight, of which immortal spirits alone are capable of the enjoyment." "Then," said Mahommed, "my soul is satisfied, mine eyes have seen the light."

"He now addressed himself to the angel of death, desiring him to approach, and no longer delay the execution of that office which he was destined to discharge. The grasp of dissolution immediately seized the springs of life. The rapid changes in the prophet's countenance bespoke that the agonies of death were upon him. At the same time, in a basin of cold water placed beside him, he dipped his hands, and with one and the other, by turns, wiped off the large drops of perspiration which incessantly bedewed his forehead; until his pure spirit finally forsook its vile and frail enclosure. In his last agonies he is said, fixing his eyes on the roof of the chamber, to have raised his hand and exclaimed, 'Ah! my companion, I attend thee to the realms above.' And gradually dropping his hand, thus quietly expired."

"Such," adds the translator, "is the colouring with which his disciples have thought fit to delineate the exit of their master. We, who are, however, neither compelled nor disposed to believe the correctness of the design, may be permitted, with greater brevity and in plainer language, to state that on Monday the 12th of the first Rabbeia, of the eleventh year of the *Hejra, in the sixty-third year of his age, and twenty-third of his pretended mission, the prophet of the Arabs condescended to accompany the angel of death, to account for his multiplied impostures, before the tribunal of eternal truth." P. 18.

Many features of character in Mahommed and the important persons who succeeded him in the Imâmet and Khelâfet, (the pontifical and civil supremacy,) tend to exhibit them more familiarly to our perceptions in this than in any earlier work. But it is highly necessary, in consulting eastern authorities, to keep in mind the sectarian bias of the writers. Ardent in their zeal, and yielding to the impulses of a warm and poetical imagination, the historians of India, Persia, and

* Corresponding with the 6th of June, 632, A. D. But some eastern histories record this event to have taken place ten days earlier than the date here assigned to it by the author of the Rouzet as Suffa. An anomaly to be accounted for in this instance, probably, by some difference in lunar and solar reckonings, or some corrections of time. But among all the inaccuracies in which eastern writings abound, no one is more striking than those on points of chronology. The Hejra, our readers will recollect, is the Mahomedan era; marking the *flight*, which is the meaning of the word, of the impostor from Mekka to Medinah, A. D. 622. This era was not, however, adopted by the Mahomedans, until seventeen years after the event, when the Khalif Omar established it. The Mahomedans reckon by lunar time; their months being alternately of thirty and twenty-nine days; thirty-two lunar years, and thirteen days, or nearly, make thirty-one solar years.

Arabia, are rarely restrained within the bounds of moderation, either in their censures or their praise; and no small share of discernment is requisite in a collator of their annals, in apportioning the degree of credit due to their hyperbolical delineations both of character and fact. In this, as well as in reconciling contradictions and discrepancies, we think Major Price has been successful in no ordinary degree. Future writers and students on subjects connected with the origin and progress of Mahommedanism, will, in their profitable consultation of this laborious work, find their researches much facilitated by the absence of the mass of rubbish which this author has rejected.

Although the early annals of Islâm are, in their most striking feature, little else than a catalogue of atrocities, perpetrated by the cold calculating hand of the ruthless propagators of this dire scourge, it is still certain that the breast of Mahommed was sometimes animated by mild and generous feelings. And his immediate successors are admitted, even by writers of a different sect, to have set high examples of many of the virtues that are most ennobling to man. Respecting Mahommed we will extract a passage or two in which this variety of dispositions will appear; and, if we can find room, will also give others elucidatory of the character of the four illustrious Khalifs who succeeded him, viz. Abu Bekr, Omar, Othman, and Ally.

A herald of the prophet was put to death by the people of Syria; and the circumstance is particularly recorded by the oriental historians, as the only instance of such suffering in any of his messengers. Syria had been recently recovered from the Persians by the Greek Emperor Heraclius, called Herkal by eastern writers; and it was against this devoted prince (who, it may be amusing to notice by the way, is described by them, though without any perceptible authority or probability, to have become an early convert to "*the faith*") that the wrath of its ferocious champions was about to be directed. The expedition to avenge this insult was the first undertaken by them beyond the confines of Arabia. In his valedictory address to the troops, Mahommed is said to have

"Enjoined them in their exertions in what he was pleased to denominate the cause of the Most High, and in avenging the injury which he had sustained from their enemies the people of Syria, to forbear molesting the harmless sectaries of domestic seclusion; to spare the weaker sex, the infant at the breast, and the aged already hastening from this scene of mortality; to abstain from demolishing the dwellings of the unresisting inhabitants, and from the destruction or mutilation of any species of fruit-tree; particularly of the

palm, so necessary to the sustenance of men and animals residing under the influence of a burning sun." P. 3.

This was in the early stage of his career. In the latest, on his death-bed, at the moment that a man's character is most truly seen, one of his injunctions to his attendant adherents was "to extirpate from the Arabian peninsula the errors of polytheism, and those impious doctrines which presumed to assign associates, or rather rivals in glory, to the Creator of the universe." An injunction to "extirpate an error" was readily understood in the Arabian dialectics of that day; their practical polemics soon furnished them with arguments all-potent to silence the opposition of their heretical antagonists.

In a desperate conflict that took place near Muthah, in consequence of the insult offered to Mahommed, as already noticed, in the person of his messenger, the emperor Heraclius is said to have lost no less than a hundred thousand Syrian and Roman troops, who shamefully abandoned the field to an almost incredible disparity of numbers; having been opposed by only three thousand of those "bold and energetic enthusiasts, in whose hearts the fear of death had been in a great measure obliterated by the prospective glories and rewards of martyrdom."

In elucidation of the following extract referring to the battle, it may be necessary to premise that

"Zeid, the general of the Moslems, boldly advancing the standard of Mahommed, was among the first that fell. He was succeeded in the post of danger and command by Jauffer, the son of Abûtaleb, the prophet's cousin, and the brother of his favourite son-in-law and earliest proselyte (Ally). This brave chief having lost both his arms, and continuing notwithstanding to bear the sacred standard in his bosom, also fell covered with wounds."

"On this occasion, we are seriously told by the Mahomedan writers, that Providence interposed to annihilate the distance between Muthah and Medeinah, in order to bring the occurrences of the field of battle under the immediate view of the prophet. In other words, on a curtain or sheet which he caused to be extended before him, Mahommed pretended to observe the progress of the action, the casualties of which he recited, in the order in which they occurred, to his companions on the spot, three days before any intelligence of the victory was supposed to have reached Medeinah. The exertions of Khaled were considered as so far surpassing the ordinary energies of human prowess, that he received from the prophet the appellation of Seyf Ullah, or Sword of God, which he ever afterwards retained. And to console the afflicted relatives of his kinsman Jauffer, he represented that, in Paradise, in exchange for the arms he had lost, he had been furnished with

a pair of wings, resplendent with the blushing glories of the ruby, and with which he was become the inseparable companion of the archangel Gabriel, in his volitations through the regions of eternal bliss. Hence, in the catalogue of martyrs, he has been denominated Jauffer teyaur, the winged Jauffer. But it would be endless to enumerate the fictions imposed by this extraordinary man on the credulity of his followers." P. 5.

The progress of this campaign is detailed in an interesting and pleasing style. Its successful result, with other instigations, urged Mahommed to a second enterprise, notwithstanding a season of scarcity, in the same quarter.

"The prophet was not to be dissuaded from his resolution by any consideration, and he accordingly summoned his associates to aid him in the equipment of the expedition, and in the relief of those distresses under which the poorer orders of their fellow citizens were then suffering. The meek and unassuming Abû Bukker set the example of liberality, by consigning the whole of his property to support the expedition; Omar contributed the moiety of his possessions; and Othman gave three hundred camels completely equipped, and a thousand pieces of gold. Others subscribed in proportion, and not a few of the women made a sacrifice of their jewels, to bear a part in the expenses of the war." P. 7.

It is not disagreeable to record these instances of generous patriotism, however ill-directed the views they were intended to promote. Mahommed was thus enabled to equip a very formidable force, with which he marched from Medeinah towards the Syrian frontier: but he was destined at the very outset to experience the most mortifying defection among his followers: his friends the Jews were among the foremost to set the example.

"To their crafty insinuations," we are informed in a preceding page, "this second enterprise has been ascribed. They urged him to the conquest of Syria as an argument of the truth of his divine mission, which could not, they said, be more powerfully evinced than by its manifestation in the peculiar land of prophecy, and the destined scene on which were to be displayed the awful terrors of final judgment." P. 6.

Hence, perhaps, may be discovered one, and an early cause, of the bitter enmity that Mahommed uniformly exhibited against the unhappy Israelites.

The succeeding stages furnished him with a recurrence of the same mortifications; his troops, ill seconding the patriotic zeal manifested by the citizens of Medeinah, abandoned him in whole divisions. This he affected to make light of, with an observation that strongly exhibits his aptitude and prompt-

ness in resource.—“Had there,” said he, “been but a particle of virtue in the composition of these wretched deserters, their destiny would unquestionably have led them to share in my fortunes.” P. 8.

Among the earliest and most virtuous of the converts and adherents of Mahommed, is to be named the venerated Abu Bekr, his father-in-law, and immediate successor in the supremacy both pontifical and civil. The interesting events of his reign are comprised in the second chapter of the *Retro-spect*, towards the conclusion of which the following passages occur descriptive of his character and latter hours.

“After thus providing, to the best of his judgment, for the prosperity and repose of his government, Abû Bukker devoted the fleeting remains of life to considerations of a more domestic nature. Meek and modest, pious and humble beyond his cotemporaries, the first of the successors of Mahommed, in his vest of woollen, had but few private arrangements to embarrass his last moments. He only requested that his daughter Ayaishah would be responsible for the payment of the very trifling debt of a few dirhems, which he expressed his anxiety to discharge. He then desired that when the awful event should have taken place, from which no created being was exempted, his body should be conveyed to the entrance of the prophet’s sepulchre; and if his hope to be laid by the side of his master were favourably received, its gates would be thrown spontaneously open.

“Without descending to a particular enumeration of that catalogue of virtues, which are recorded to have adorned the character of this prince; and which the illustrious Ally, in a species of funeral oration, addressed to the assembled chiefs of Medeinah, sealed by an affirmation, that ‘after the death of their legislator, the community of Islâm would, perhaps, never have to deplore a greater calamity than the loss of that man, of whose mild and pacific virtues the hand of death had then deprived them,’ it will be sufficient to observe, that, however in points of doctrine otherwise hostile, all nations and sects of Mahommedans appear, in this respect, to have discarded all difference of opinion; and to have united in consecrating the memory of Abû Bukker in the general esteem and perpetual veneration of his country.” P. 58.

Ayaishah, the turbulent and ambitious daughter of this meek and pious prince, was the only virgin espoused by Mahommed; and hence, as insufficiently noticed by Major Price, the change in her father’s name. He is very seldom called by any other than Father of the virgin. Mahommed’s other wives were widows; and taken by him, apparently, from considerations of their wealth and influence in furtherance of his ambitious projects. Notwithstanding the seditious and undignified features in the character and conduct of this ex-

traordinary woman, and the odium attached to her memory, the appellation by which she is usually designated is mother of the faithful : not, however, as it might seem on a cursory perusal of an eastern history, exclusively; for that appellation is extended to the other prolific wives of the prophet; but as their names are seldom mentioned or alluded to, the daring and obtrusive Ayaishah appears to monopolize that respectful title.

Fatimah, the offspring of the father and mother of the faithful, was espoused by Ally; by which connexion, through their sons Hussein and Husseyne who were massacred at Kerbela, hath proceeded the race of SEYEDS, or descendants of Mahommed. The word seems to have been formerly equivalent to *Prince*, but has now no such meaning. The Seyeds are, however, still respected as such in all Mahommedan countries; and generally distinguish themselves by green vestments, or a turban at least of that colour, deemed sacred to the prophet, as having been sanctified by his predilection and adoption. But very different is the estimation in which the character of their uterine progenitor is held; for whatever deference might naturally have been extended by his zealous followers to the person who stood in so tender a relationship with their prophet, had her conduct admitted of such extension, she lived a disreputable tool of the turbulent, and sunk disgracefully in her career of sedition. Thus the author, in concluding the narrative of the busy and interesting scenes in which she was so conspicuous, and in describing her appropriate death, remarks that "Ayaishah, having rendered herself odious to all parties, appears to have thus ultimately perished without the regret of any." P. 386.

Respecting the characters of Omar and Osman, the successors of Abu-Bekr, the history of whose reigns occupies the third, fourth and fifth chapters of the Retrospect, we will endeavour to find room for some extracts.

"To the prudence of Omar, or rather his singular talent for discernment, the prophet bore ample testimony when he bestowed upon him the appellative of Faurûk auzem,* 'the great discriminator;' (between truth and falsehood;) and of his other virtues, if we may be permitted to form an opinion from the eulogium pronounced over his remains, by the competitor of his views on the sovereignty, the brave and liberal-minded Ally, the memorial would be abundantly flattering. In this he is made to affirm, that Omar was the person, the record of whose actions, and whose appearance

* "He severed from his body the head of a Mahommedan, who, in a dispute with an Israelite, refused to abide by the decision of the prophet. Vide Sale's excellent translation of the Koran. Vol. I. p. 168."

in the presence of his Creator, he wished his own to resemble : neither could he doubt, as they were inseparable in this world, that he should be again united to the favourite of Omnipotence, and the friend of his bosom the faithful Abû Bukker, in the mansions of eternal bliss.

“ In short, apart from the lust of foreign conquest and usurpation, in which, unfortunately for mankind, he had too many examples to imitate, and to which he was, perhaps, gradually impelled by circumstances acting upon an intemperate zeal to promote the imposture in which he was engaged, the character assigned him, even by the historians of an adverse party, may in some respects justify us in considering the second successor of Mahommed, among those princes who, by an impartial distribution of justice, a rigid and prudent economy, and an inflexible integrity in the application of the resources of the state, have added substantial glory to the deceitful splendours which have been too frequently found to decorate the insignia of royal authority.

“ We have already observed that Omar was the first that assumed the title of Ameir ul Moûmenein, the prince or commander of the faithful. He was also the first who adjudged the punishment of eighty lashes to such as disregarded the prohibition against wine; and he set the example, in which he was generally imitated by his successors, of perambulating the streets in disguise, to discover the temper and manners of his people. According to his request, he was buried in the chapel of Ayaishah by the side of Abû Bukker.” P. 146.

After a reign of a little more than ten years, Omar, while in the performance of his religious duties in the public mosque of Medeinah, received a mortal wound from the dagger of a Christian slave named Abû Lûlû, whose memory is hence deservedly execrated by the Sûnnihs, or tribe of Omar. But, in the true spirit of sectarian illiberality, the adverse party, the Sheiahs, or adherents of Ally, extol the act, and have dignified the villain its perpetrator with the name of Shuja-ud-dein, the hero of the faith : though by no one more than by the generous leader whose memory is thus disgraced by his partisans, would such an act have been duly reprobated.

The puissant empire of the Khalifs attained, under the reign of Omar, pretty nearly to those limits which, in actual sovereignty at least, it doth not appear to have exceeded in any period of its history. Not, however, as is remarked by the author in the review which he takes of this vast boundary, that the countries within it were yet in any permanent state of security.

“ The great province of Khorassaun was not finally subjugated until the reign of Othman : and many formidable insurrections in different parts of the Persian territory, evinced, on a variety of occasions, that abhorrence of foreign dominion, and regard for the

religious rites of their ancestors, which continued to animate the disciples of pyrolatry, until repeated discomfitures, massacre and expulsion, succeeded in blending at length, with a very trifling exception, the vanquished with their oppressors, under the united and powerful sway of the Korân," P. 147.

Passing, however, this eventful reign, we proceed to extract a passage delineating the character of Othman.

"To the virtues of this prince, when he was no more, his enemies appeared to have done ample justice; the bitterest of whom, even Ayaishah, so strongly suspected of having hastened his destruction, and Saud e Wekauss, seem to have mourned his death with unfeigned sorrow. But if his character were to be estimated from the recorded testimony of his own party, there is scarcely a human excellence in which he will be found wanting. Of surpassing clemency, beneficence and piety; in integrity of mind and purity of manners most eminent; an exemplar to the orthodox, and a most upright and incorruptible judge, he was an inflexible enemy to every species of vice; in vigilance so persevering, and of such patient devotion, that he not unfrequently repeated the whole Korân in the course of one genuflexion. And lastly, though, during the period of a long life, he had exhibited repeated proofs of the most undaunted courage, yet so fixed was his repugnance to the effusion of Mahommedan blood, that even when he saw his life at stake, he persisted to the last moment in forbidding his friends to combat in his defence."

"Othman derived his name of Zul Nurein, the possessor of the two stars, from enjoying the envied distinction of having been the husband of two of the prophet's daughters, Rukkeiah and Omme Kelthum, by whom, and six other wives, he was the father of eleven sons and six daughters." P. 184.

Notwithstanding the panegyrics which we have, from among many others, extracted from the work before us on the three successful rivals of Ally in the succession to the Khelâfet, the character of that illustrious prince still rises above them in our estimation: and indeed on the whole, above that of any exalted individual offered to our contemplation in the copious chronicles of Islâm. His name awakens in our minds the most respectful remembrance; and the sad fate of his family cannot but excite the deepest sympathy and compassion. He was the fourth, and, as the transient authority exercised by Imâm Hussun scarcely entitles him to be included among them, the last of the Kholfa rashedein, the orthodox or legitimate successors of Mahommed.

The actions of a person so dear to all of the Sheiah sect, are of course recorded with commensurate enthusiasm by writers of that party: but, while making due allowance for the feeling which describes Ally as killing in one night five hundred and

twenty-three, or, according to another authority, more than nine hundred, of his enemies, we easily recognise in him the most heroic valour, as well as exemplary generosity and disinterestedness. In the sanguinary proceeding alluded to, in which upwards of thirty thousand combatants were slain, Ally is stated to have repeated the tekbeir at each mortal sweep of his celebrated double-edged sword zulfekâr; which, committed to memory by an attendant, was considered as competent proof of the extent of the execution. On such slight grounds do oriental historians record as facts, statements of a highly improbable nature. The tekbeir consists in uttering Allâh Akhbâr!—God is great—an exclamation very common in the mouth of Mussulmans, and which served sometimes as a sort of war-whoop, and parole, among the early converts to the faith.

On his death-bed, Ally is said to have acknowledged that, including infidels, and those of his own persuasion against whom the cause of justice had unsheathed his sword, not less than ten thousand individuals had on different occasions fallen by his hand:—an acknowledgment that we may also be permitted to receive with much qualification. Still the inference evidently deducible militates against the received impressions of the magnanimity, and generosity, and mildness of his character; opposed to which, however, no reproach of cruelty is exhibited, even by his political or religious antagonists. Whatever numbers he may have slain, fell fairly, it is averred, in fight, and in contests not sought by him; but provoked by what he might reasonably consider as rebellions against his, and other legitimate authority.

“He died at the age of sixty-three, after a turbulent and unsettled reign of four years and nine months. His virtues and extraordinary qualifications have been the subject of voluminous panegyrics; and his warlike exploits, from his youth upwards, have been particularly celebrated in the **Khawernamah*, a poem well known in the east, and which may, perhaps, contend in extravagance with the wildest effusions of European romance. With his acknowledged talents and magnanimity, it is, however, difficult to account for that train of civil mischief and perpetual discontent, which continued to disturb him through the whole of his reign. His gallant spirit was probably incapable of bending to the ordinary shifts of political craft; and it is perhaps true, that the Arabian chiefs were not yet sufficiently disciplined to quietly see the sovereign authority monopolized by any particular family.”

This hero was, like his two immediate predecessors in the

* “This work, *illuminated by numerous paintings*, is, or ought to be, in the East-India Company’s Oriental Library.”

Khelâfet, destined to fall by the dagger of an assassin, whose zeal was whetted in this instance by the persuasions of a beautiful woman, of whose person he could obtain possession only by the murder of Ally. Her rancour sprang from a feeling of revenge for the loss of her father, brother, and husband, in a recent conflict with the Khalif, whose head, together with a male and female slave, and three thousand dirhems, was the price fixed by this sanguinary and mercenary woman for her person, which is thus noticed in the characteristic phraseology of the original.

“On his arrival at Kûfah, Eben Mûljûm became acquainted with, and violently enamoured of, a woman whose uncommon beauty and attractions he was unable to resist; whose name was Kettaumah, and of whom, adds our author, might justly be said, that her face was like the glorious reward of the virtuous, and the tresses which adorned her cheek, like the black record of the villain's guilt.” P. 357.

To observe and lament the wanton effusion of human blood is as common as the perusal of history—and no history exhibits a greater prodigality of life than the rise and establishment of Islâm, nor more instances of inexorable inhumanity. The massacre at Kerbela of upwards of seventy of the sons, grandsons, or intimate connexions of the illustrious Ally, is one of the greatest atrocities on record. It is detailed at considerable length, and in an affecting manner, in the work before us, and we had marked some passages for transcription; but as the necessity of abridging it would deprive the recital of part of its interest, we shall altogether omit it. The mind sickens at the contemplation of such turpitude; feels debased at being forced to acknowledge a fellowship of being with the actors in such scenes; and in the record of the particulars, deeply deplores the desolations of our nature. But there is no piece of history better authenticated, or more amply detailed; and scarcely any historical incident more pathetic. One can scarcely wish to restrain a feeling of satisfaction in knowing that most, if not all, of the perpetrators of this horrid and accursed deed, were, as far as this world can witness, condignly punished—all suffered most ignominiously.

Nor doth the justice of this world thus terminate. The memory of all, and the names of many of the murderers, are handed down to these times in denouncing anathemas. Hymns and canticles of various sorts are gotten by heart by every Shiâh, and are publicly chanted in buildings set apart for the purpose, at the annual commemoration of the martyrdom of Kerbela. This mourning, which is, we believe, very uni-

formly observed in most Mahommedan countries, continues through the first ten days of the month Moherrem. The mourners issue from the Imàmbareh, or buildings above mentioned, with torn garments and dishevelled hair, and run in frantic procession through the streets of their towns, vociferating Hassan and Hùssein, the revered names of Ally's sons, the principal martyrs of Kerbela, with suitable execrations on the Khalif Yezzid, and his murderous abettors. Two slight fabrics, domed, like Mahommedan tombs, highly ornamented with gilding, &c. are carried about by the crowd. Bloody clothes are sometimes placed in these tombs; and other fictions of pantomimic sorrow are introduced to excite a more lively remembrance, and a stronger feeling of resentment. To such a pitch of phrensy are these fanatics sometimes wrought, that it is not safe for a Sunneh to encounter them. The writer of this article has had opportunities of witnessing these wild processions, and has seen blood shed and lives lost in such encounters.

We are strongly impelled to remark the frequency of challenges to individual combat, which are recorded in the volume before us, and the avidity with which they were accepted, between parties in the ranks opposed to each other. They forcibly remind us of the candidates for this heroic distinction in the Iliad. The taunting speeches of the duellists, and the unfeeling insolence of the victors, are also similar; and, indeed, substituting Mahommedan and Pagan, or Christian, for Greek and Trojan; and Khaled or Ally, and Kerreib or Gherraur, for Hector and Ajax, and other heroes, the result is truly Homeric. Nay, we have (p. 111.) a warrior spreading dismay and ruin through the enemy's ranks disguised in the armour of one still more celebrated. The Mahommedan Patroclus is not, indeed, slain; nor the armour of the Achilles of the faith lost, or the similarity would have been too complete for accidental coincidence. A reference to pages 44, 110, 119, 280, and others of this first volume, will evince the accuracy of this comparison in a very amusing manner.

Nor were these challenges and combats confined to men of inferior note. Generals and commanders in chief, and even sovereigns, among the early Mahommedans and their opponents, as well as among the Greeks and Trojans, gave and accepted challenges, and contended for mastery in the presence of their armies. Foremost on these occasions were the Khalif Ally, and the general of cavalry, the heroic and generous Khaled. A poet has immortalized the name and exploits of the latter; and that the reader may form some judgment of

the strain of the work, our author has selected and translated these four lines :

“Thy irresistible valour hath hushed the raging tempest; in battle thou hast been armed with the tusks of the elephant, and the jaws of the alligator; thy mace hath hurled the terrors of the day of judgment through the Roman provinces; and the lightning of thy cimeter hath spread wretchedness and mourning among the cities of the Franks.” P. 89.

This fierce and intractable man was, like his apparent prototype Achilles, alive to the potency of female blandishments; and Khaled also persisted, to an extent involving the deep displeasure of the Agamemnon of Islâm, in his attachment to *his* bright Briseis.

Tiresome and disgusting it would be to collect half the instances of atrocity detailed in this volume. We shall briefly notice two or three; premising that we are willing to hope, for the sake of humanity, that a little oriental exaggeration is mixed with the details. A villain “armed with a little brief authority” finished his bloody career consistently. While in the agonies of dissolution, it was made known to him that certain obnoxious persons, to the number of several hundreds, were in his power. Speechless, and equal only to one slight effort, he passed his hand across his throat, indicating significantly and sufficiently, by this departing act, the fate of his prisoners. This is told of Yezid, the author of the tragedy at Kerbela. On a par almost with this, in point of feeling, is the relation of another writer, that eastern despots have been known, without interrupting the conversation or amusement in which they may, at the moment, have been engaged, to notify their will as to an execution, by a slight horizontal motion to and fro of the hand. This would be at once understood, and acted on as a sufficient death warrant. Executions in the east are generally by decapitation.

Of another ferocious tyrant, it is related in the work before us, on the authorities enumerated in the early part of this article, that

“Exclusive of those who perished in battle, the amount of whom can be estimated by Him alone who knows all things, there fell by the arbitrary mandates of Hejaufe not less than one hundred and twenty thousand persons. In a dream in which he appeared to some one soon after his death, he is made to declare that although for each of this numerous list of victims of his fury, Divine Justice was satisfied with inflicting on him the punishment of a single death; yet that for the execution of Sauid alone” (one of his more illustrious victims) “he was condemned to suffer seventy times the agony of dissolution. There were after all found in the different

prisons of his government, when Providence thought fit to relieve mankind from his oppressions, full thirty thousand men and twenty thousand women; many of them confined in that species of prison invented by himself, without roof: in which, alternately exposed to the scorching rays of the sun, and the vicissitudes of cold, heat, and rain, the unhappy victims were left to suffer every variety of pain and wretchedness." P. 480.

On his death-bed, haunted by his reflections, he employed confidential persons to ascertain the public opinion of his character; and had the consolation to learn the general hope and belief that the hottest place in hell was assuredly reserved for him.

Another of these monsters swore a tremendous oath, that if it were his fortune to be successful in an enterprise that he was about to undertake, he would not restrain the sword from its course of vengeance, until the blood of his opponents had flowed in a stream sufficient to turn the wheel of a corn-mill, and he had appeased his hunger by eating bread prepared from flour so ground. His enterprise succeeded; and he caused twelve thousand of his prisoners to be led into a water course and butchered; and diverting a neighbouring streamlet through its channel, turned a mill with the human gore liquefied, and commingled with the water. His conscience thus appeased by the promised repast, he proceeded to the farther gratification of his vengeance, by causing four thousand more of his prisoners to be gibbeted. This, by the way, appertains also to Yezsid.

Merwaun, another of these instruments of wrath, after the capture of a fortress, seated himself at one of its gates, and causing the garrison to be led out, one by one, saw their throats cut to the last man. Proceeding in his career, he promised a thousand pieces of gold, and the most beautiful maiden in another fort that resisted him, to the man who should first enter it. The place was captured, and

"The principal adventurer was punctually paid his thousand dinars, and desired by Merwaun to take his choice among the fairest of the female captives. This he accordingly proceeded to do; and having fixed upon a young girl of exquisite beauty, was conducting her downwards from the fort; when, seizing her opportunity, the generous damsel suddenly clasped the odious foreigner in her arms with all the force of female revenge, and casting herself headlong from the works before he could disengage himself from her embrace, they were both together dashed to pieces in the fall. Enraged at such an instance of desperate and mortal antipathy, Merwaun caused every human being that was found in the place to be put to death, without mercy and without exemption." P. 506.

Opposed to these frequent instances of enormity, in which hundreds of thousands of human beings perished—to such an aggregate, indeed, in the first century of the Mahommedan era, as, making due allowance for the exaggerations of historians, may excite surprise, how, in such countries, such hosts could be produced and reproduced;—opposed to these enormities, occasional instances of humanity are recorded by the Arabian writers, and preserved by the author of the Retrospect, who does not withhold from himself and his readers the little consolation to be thence derived; but, with a generous sentiment, indulges in the contemplation of them, as the refreshing Oasis of the moral desert of Arabia.

We were desirous of noticing some parts of this work, in which the author treads the ground preoccupied by Gibbon; but for reasons that may be too obvious, must now decline it—remarking merely, that Major Price, in adhering to the authority of the original sources whence he has drawn the materials for his work, differs considerably in several instances from the relation of that celebrated writer; to whose general accuracy, in as far as agreeing in the main with such authorities may deserve that commendation, this Retrospect bears honourable testimony. Considering that Mr. Gibbon was unable to consult such original works, his industrious research, and discriminating talents, demand as much praise as can ever be due to great abilities allied to overweening vanity, and grossly misapplied to purposes for which they were never bestowed.

Our readers will have perceived that our opinion of Major Price's work is favourable; and we were gratified at being accidentally afforded an opportunity of ascertaining that a similar sentiment prevailed in quarters more important to its author's interests. It is patronised, we understand, by the Indian government, and we are fully warranted in saying that the importance of the subject, the competent knowledge of the author in the language of the originals, his indefatigable patience of inquiry, his judgment in selection, and facility in arranging and communicating the result, give him a fair claim also to the patronage of the literary public.

American State Papers: Containing the Correspondence between Messrs. Smith, Pinkney, Marquis Wellesley, &c. 8vo. pp. 60. London, 1811.

[From the Edinburgh Review, for November, 1812.]

So little is to be gained and so much to be lost by an American war, that though our preposterous policy has at last brought the disputes between the two nations to this issue, no class of politicians seems wholly satisfied with the result. Strictly speaking, indeed, we have no real quarrel with America; our contest with that power arising incidentally out of our main quarrel in Europe. America invades us in no substantial interest—she crosses us not in any favourite walk of policy—she aims no blows at our prosperity or independence; and, being excluded from all the common scenes of European ambition, her case afforded, to all appearance, no great scope to the common jealousies of politicians. After a twenty years' war with France, however, we are now fairly involved in an additional war with this apparently harmless power—having for this purpose sacrificed all those ancient connexions of trade which gave the two countries so great an interest in the maintenance of peace. The exports of Great Britain to America amounted annually to ten millions. All this vast trade, and the animating scenes of industry and business which it produced, the war lays waste at one blow. But it is not merely as a case of profit and loss, though in this view it is sufficiently important, that the subject ought to be contemplated. The trade between Britain and America, independent of its profits to individuals, accomplished objects which must ever be dear to the friends of human improvement. Our readers are no doubt aware that America, like all other rising communities, having her whole spare capital embarked in agriculture, must necessarily depend on other countries for a supply of manufactures, in exchange for which they receive an equivalent in rude produce. Such was the nature of the trade carried on with this country; by means of which America, assisted by the wealth and industry of Britain, was left free to pursue the great work of domestic improvement, while Britain found, in the demands of America, ample employment for her overflowing capital and her numerous artisans. The trade thus diffused industry, plenty, and smiling looks through this once prosperous and happy land; while

it gave energy to the wide-spreading agriculture of the New World, and extended cultivation over its lonely wastes.

From a picture so delightful to contemplate, we turn with no pleasing emotions to the policy by which it has been defaced. The correspondence before us relates to the Orders in Council, and to other unfriendly acts committed against the American trade; and though we have no intention of reviving these hateful controversies—though we would willingly forget this everlasting stain on the character and policy of our country—yet there is one view of the case suggested by these papers which we cannot avoid laying before our readers. It is instructive to look back to what has happened, that we may draw lessons, for the future, from the dear-bought experience of the past.

It was long the anxious business of the American minister, as appears from the documents before us, to procure by persuasion an abandonment of the measures hostile to the American trade. He urged his case on views of justice and of general policy—he calmly combated the pretexts by which he was met—he boldly and pointedly asserted, that the claims of this country must, sooner or later, be abandoned; and he added, what ought never to be forgotten, that they were unjust—and that time, therefore, could do nothing for them. His representations were met by declarations of “what his Majesty owed to the honour, dignity, and essential rights of his crown,” and by all the other sounding commonplaces usual on such occasions. These sentiments were afterwards explained at greater length, and promulgated to the world in the deliberate record of a state paper. But in spite of the honour of majesty thus pledged to these obnoxious measures, *they were repealed*. A laborious investigation into their merits ended in their unqualified reprobation and abandonment—their authors were unable to look in the face the scenes of beggary, disorder and wretchedness, which their policy had brought on the country; they were borne down by the cries of suffering millions—and they yielded at length to necessity, what they had formerly refused to justice. This was clearly, therefore, an act of unwilling submission. It bore not the stamp of conciliation; and the only inference to be drawn from it was, that the plotters of mischief, being fairly caught in their own snare, were glad to escape, on any terms, from the effects of their ill-considered measures. How forcibly does this transaction teach the necessity of a prudent and moderate conduct! How strikingly does it mark the contrast between insolence, which delights in abusing power—and true

dignity, which, being founded on a reverence for justice, can never be humbled !

The repeal of the Orders in Council has considerably narrowed the controversy between the two countries ; and were it not for the rankling of past injuries, the few remaining points of difference might, we should imagine, be very speedily adjusted. The Americans still complain of the undue extension we have given to the privileges of blockade—and of the impressment of their seamen under the character of British deserters.

On both those points the rulers of the two countries are agreed, as far as the principle is concerned. America insists that no place shall be held blockaded, unless it is so surrounded as to make it dangerous to enter, and we do not object to this definition of blockade. On the other question still at issue, it may be shortly observed, that as we have gone to war with America in defence of the supposed privileges of naval war, we would do well to ascertain to what extent those privileges can be safely pushed. Will the warmest advocates of maritime supremacy now assert that we have not suffered equally with our enemies in the contest of mischief which has been stirred up between us in Europe ? Admit that we have ruined our enemy's trade—that our hostility has been deeply felt in the misery which it has produced in France—have we ourselves not participated largely in the general distress ? It is of little moment what privileges we may be entitled to, according to the theory of the law of nations ; since it is plain, that if we push our abstract notions of maritime right to their extreme consequences, no nation will agree in the result—universal war and misery will be the consequence—and every state will suffer exactly in proportion to its interest in peace and good order. In such a struggle, it is just as likely that we should be the first to cry for quarter as our enemies ; and in point of fact the first concession has come from this country. We were unable any longer to bear the interruption of trade occasioned by the Orders in Council—and, therefore, these measures were repealed.

It is clear, therefore, that some limits must either be fixed to the persecution of our enemy's trade, or we must come in for a large share of the miseries resulting from our hostility. However high we may hold our abstract rights, they must always, when reduced to practice, admit of some temperment, and amicable compromise with the rights of others. During the whole of the last war, accordingly, such a compromise existed ; and the dreadful crisis which has befallen the present times was thus happily avoided. The policy then

pursued, though not, perhaps, strictly consonant to theory, was safe in practice. Its effect was to permit, under certain restrictions, neutral states to carry on the colonial and coasting trade of the enemy. But it laid the intercourse under some disadvantages. It threw considerable inconvenience in the way of the French merchant, and increased to him the price of all his imported produce. And to this extent, and no farther, is it possible to carry the damage of a naval war. In this privilege of laying the enemy's trade under some little increase of charge, consists the full value of what has been so vehemently admired in this country, under the specious appellation of maritime rights. Naval warfare cannot be pursued to the utter extinction of trade. It cannot prevent mankind from a mutual exchange of their surplus produce—as this would be equivalent to an interdict on the productive powers of nature; and whenever it is pushed to such an excess, it must reduce all who are engaged in it to one common level of distress and ruin. We would humbly recommend, therefore, a return to those established maxims of maritime law, under which the industry of unoffending states reposed in security, while this country presented a picture of comparative comfort and peace. The labourer was then peaceable and happy—he was enabled to provide, by his industry, for himself and his helpless offspring—he was not driven by want to acts of riot and desperation. These are the evils which it is so desirable to prevent; and it cannot be denied, that they lie deep in the policy of the country.

The impressing of American seamen into the British service, which has naturally arisen from the resemblance of the two nations in language and manners, has given rise, we fear, to much deep-rooted animosity. On this subject, however, both parties profess a complete union of principle; but the difficulty consists in finding some practicable arrangement for preserving to each its respective rights. Hitherto British ships of war have been in the practice of searching American merchantmen, and taking out, in a summary manner, such of their crew as they judged to be British. Certificates of American citizenship, or other evidence, might be offered—on which it rested with the British officer to decide; so that every American seaman might be said to hold his liberty, and ultimately his life, at the discretion of a foreign commander. In many cases, accordingly, native born Americans were dragged on board British ships of war—they were dispersed in the remotest quarters of the globe—and not only exposed to the perils of service, but shut out, by their situation, from all hope of ever being reclaimed. The right which we undoubtedly possess of reclaiming runaway seamen, was exer-

said a little—and as to the practical exercise of which, we take it to be utterly impossible that two nations, like England and America, can ever cordially agree. The truth is, that there are very many such cases ; and that neutrals and belligerents do but very seldom agree as to the regulations by which the rights of war and of neutrality are to be respectively secured. The matter is always practically adjusted by a sort of compromise, under which both parties consent to pass from a part of what they maintain to be their legal right ; and things go on with a little grumbling, till the restoration of peace takes away all occasion of discussion.

We are now at war, however, for the assertion of our own way of exercising those rights ; and have begun accordingly by destroying the very thing for the beneficial possession of which we profess to be contending. What we claim is, a right to treat *neutrals* in a certain way—to derive what they consider as an excessive advantage from their neutrality—and to impose what they call an unreasonable restraint on their intercourse with the enemy—and, in pursuit of this object, we put an end to the very name of neutrality. We convert all neutrals into open enemies ; and drive them into the cordial alliance of that hostile power with whom we would not allow them a very limited communication !—Such is the object and pretext of the war—and such its immediate and necessary effect.

Other object or pretext it can have none. America has no possessions that we can take from her—none, we believe, that we have even a desire to obtain. We have no hope, therefore, of acquiring any thing whatsoever by persisting in this contest ; and we are at war for the naked and barren power of asserting our belligerent rights in our own way ; or, to speak more properly, we have turned the last neutral into an enemy rather than submit to an amicable discussion upon the least oppressive way of exercising a right, the existence of which is not so much as disputed. Such is the utmost amount of our possible gains—our losses, certain and probable, do not admit, we fear, of so short an enumeration. We shall speak only of the former.

In the *first* place, then, we lose our whole trade with America—almost the only foreign trade that was left to us—and at all times worth infinitely more than all the rest put together. After what we said in our last number on this subject—and while the universal and agonizing distress into which the country has relapsed, speaks in accents too piercing to be borne, in every quarter of the land, we forbear to add one word upon a theme so copious and so conclusive. In the *second* place, we lose all the men and the money that must be

sacrificed to the carrying on of this war—at a moment when our finances are confessedly almost inadequate to the prosecution of the other wars in which we are engaged—and when the success of those great and glorious exertions appears to be almost desperate, from the mere circumstance of the impossibility of finding men to supply the place of those who perish. In the *third* place, we take it to be one of the *certain* consequences of the continuance of this war, that we shall either lose Canada for ever, to the great disgrace and mortification of the country—or be obliged to abandon the Peninsula, and carry on a still more sanguinary and expensive war for its preservation. In the *fourth* place, our West-India colonies will be starved; and their trade, which so many other causes have concurred to depress, almost entirely ruined by the swarms of privateers which will issue from every point of the adjoining continent; while our own supplies of grain, in the event of a deficiency at home, and of naval stores, in the event of disasters in the North, will be almost entirely cut off. Finally, we shall excite not only a spirit of rooted hostility among a people obviously destined to outnumber any European nation—but we shall train them before their day to the cultivation of their home manufactures, and lose for ever that trade which it is our most obvious interest to retain.

But it may be said, we did not make the war. The defiance was given, and the blow struck by America; and now we are under the absolute necessity of fighting, or of giving up the honour and the substantial interests of the nation. We cannot bring ourselves to admit this: but if the fact were made out, we should concur most heartily in the conclusion. A nation like England should submit to any thing rather than to the slightest impeachment of her honour. It is not only her pride and her enjoyment—but her actual strength and security, and the vital spring of all her prosperity. If our honour is really committed in this contest—and if America will listen to no terms of pacification which it is fitting for us to concede—then the contest must go on; and every thing else must be sacrificed to maintain it with spirit and effect. But if matters are come at last to this deplorable extremity—if it be true that we are *now* under the necessity of yielding up the national honour, or of persisting in such a war as we have described, it cannot, at least, be denied, that it is a crisis which has been very recently produced; and that it has been produced by men, and by measures that are sufficiently notorious. There is not a man in the kingdom who can doubt, that if the orders in council had been rescinded six months sooner, the war might have been entirely avoided, and all other points of difference between the countries adjusted upon

an amicable footing. Nor is there an individual who has attended at all to the progress of the dispute, who does not see that it was embittered from the first, and wantonly urged to its present fatal issue, by the insolent, petulant, and preposterous tone of those very individuals who insisted upon that miserable experiment—and plunged their own country in wretchedness, only to bring down upon it the reluctant hostility of its best customers and allies. If those mischievous and despicable councils were once cordially renounced—if this paltry and irritating tone were for ever interdicted at our public offices—if the negotiation were committed to a man acceptable to the Americans, and free from the suspicion of insincerity which the character of our late diplomatic communications with her have so naturally excited;—we are fully persuaded that a speedy and an honourable termination might yet be put to this unnatural contest, which if it be purely ruinous and disreputable to us, promises also to be so much more detrimental than beneficial to our opponent.

At present, however, we confess that we look in vain for the indications of such a salutary change of policy—and are even disposed to fear that the same spirit of animosity and unconciliating contempt which has evidently pervaded the whole proceedings of the government, still prevails to a considerable extent among the body of our people. The pressure of present distress is too heavy, indeed, to allow the war itself to be popular;—but we suspect that the temper and disposition which have provoked it are still pretty general:—and such are the arts by which courtly prejudices have been fomented, and ancient grudges kept alive, that no small part of the nation look with feelings of peculiar hostility towards the people to which they bear the nearest resemblance; and willingly abet their rulers in treating the Americans with less respect, and less cordiality, than any other foreign nation. If this proceeds from considering them as weaker than any other nation, we cannot say it is very magnanimous:—if from regarding them as our own rebellious offspring, it is neither very generous nor very wise. They asserted their independence upon principles which they derived from us, and upon which we still make it our boast and our glory to act. Their revolt was the real evidence of their consanguinity—their rebellion against us the surest proof of their genuine descent: and, while all rational men are now satisfied that their independence is much more advantageous to us than any form of their submission could have been, surely there is nothing in their having established a free government, that ought to give rise to any feelings of repugnance or hostility in us. They are descended from our loins—they speak our language—they have adopted

our laws—they retain our usages and manners—they read our books—they have copied our freedom—they rival our courage : and yet they are less popular and less esteemed among us than the base and bigoted Portuguese, or the ferocious and ignorant Russians.

From what does this arise—or on what pretext is it justified ? We can hear but one answer to this : and it is really so weak and so absurd an answer, that if it had not met us in so many quarters, we should not have believed that it could ever have been seriously given. Their manners, it seems, are not agreeable :—society with them is not on a good footing :—and, upon the whole, they are far from being so polite and well-bred as might be desired. Now, we should really be inclined to doubt whether it would be a justifiable cause for seriously quarrelling, even with a next-door neighbour, that he had a bad taste in anecdotes, and did not thoroughly understand the arrangement of evening parties : But to insist upon going to war—with a whole nation—at the other side of the Atlantic—because it has been reported that their rich people are not very elegant—that their dinners are vulgar, and their routes dull—does appear to us to be somewhat extravagant and unreasonable. It is impossible, however, not to remark, that those who hate the Americans so much for their inattention to the graces in their manners and conversation, cannot be supposed to feel any great love or respect for the greater part of their own countrymen ; for, though we are not absolutely nor altogether a nation of shopkeepers, we are very much afraid that more than nine-tenths of the middling and better sort of people among ourselves belong to this reprobated class of traders and dealers, and have very much the same manners with their brethren in America. The society of New-York and Philadelphia, in short, we imagine, must be at least as good as that of Glasgow or Manchester ; and though we make no doubt that the *beau monde* of the latter places will be extremely scandalized at the supposition, we can assure them that the Americans consider it as just as little flattering to them ; at least we have now lying before us a New-York publication, in which one of these republican wits makes himself exceedingly merry with the ignorance, vulgarity and forwardness, of the *English* traders and agents that occasionally resort to his city.

This objection, then, though we hear it daily made by persons who have not the slightest conception of what polite society is, is obviously quite ridiculous in the mouth of all but the few who move in the very highest circles of fashion ; and can only relate to the few who hold a similar rank in the scale of American society, and discharge its functions, it seems, in a less perfect manner. The great body of the people is better

educated, and more comfortably situated, than the bulk of any European community, and possess all the accomplishments that are anywhere to be found in persons of the same occupation and condition. The complaint is, that there are no people of fashion—that their column still wants its Corinthian capital—or, in other words, that those who are rich and idle have not yet existed so long, or in such numbers, as to have brought to full perfection that system of ingenious trifling, and elegant dissipation, by means of which it has been discovered that wealth and leisure may be most agreeably disposed of. Admitting the fact to be so, and in a country where there is no court, no nobility, and no monument or tradition of chivalrous usages, and where, moreover, the greatest number of those who are rich and powerful have raised themselves to that eminence by mercantile industry, we really do not see how it could well be otherwise—we would still submit that this is no lawful cause either for national contempt, or for national hostility. It is a peculiarity in the structure of society among that people, which, we take it, can only give offence to their visiting acquaintance; and, while it does us no sort of harm while it subsists, promises, we think, very soon to disappear altogether, and no longer to afflict even our imaginations. The number of individuals born to the enjoyment of hereditary wealth is, or at least was, daily increasing in that country; and it is impossible that their multiplication—with all the models of European refinement before them, and all the advantages resulting from a free government, and a general system of good education—should fail, within a very short period, to give birth to a better tone of conversation and society, and to manners more dignified and refined. Unless we are very much misinformed indeed, the symptoms of such a change may already be traced in their great cities. Their youths of fortune already travel over all the countries of Europe for their improvement; and specimens are occasionally met with even in these islands, which, with all our prejudices, we must admit, would do no discredit to the best blood of the land from which they originally sprung. Mr. Weld, indeed, and farmer Parkinson, give a very uninviting picture of their society; but M. Talleyrand, and the Duc de Liancourt, are by no means so fastidious; and we cannot help suspecting that, upon a point of this nature, their opinion is entitled to full as much weight as either of those English authorities. We are not anxious, however, to establish their title to the capabilities of politeness. We only wish to encourage a disposition to be at peace, and to trade with them; and for that purpose we really think it enough, if it can be shown that they are good customers, and dangerous enemies.

ORIGINAL REVIEW.

The Works, in verse and prose, of the late ROBERT TREAT PAINE, jun. Esq. with Notes. To which are prefixed Sketches of his Life, Character, and Writings. 3vo. pp. 464. Belcher. Boston, 1812.

IN reviewing the work before us, criticism is deprived of half its utility. However just may be its decisions, they can be of no avail to the author. With him the fitful scene of literary life is over; praise can stimulate him to no new exertions, nor censure point the way to future improvement. The only benefit, therefore, to be derived from an examination of his merits, is to deduce therefrom instruction for his survivors, either as to the excellencies they should imitate, or the errors they should avoid.

There is no country to which practical criticism is of more importance than this, owing to the crude state of native talent, and the immaturity of public taste. We are prone to all the vices of literature, from the casual and superficial manner in which we attend to it. Absorbed in politics, or occupied by business, few can find leisure, amid these strong agitations of the mind, to follow the gentler pursuits of literature, and give it that calm study, and meditative contemplation, necessary to discover the true principles of beauty and excellence in composition. To render criticism, therefore, more impressive, and to bring it home, as it were, to our own bosoms, it is not sufficient merely to point to those standard writers of Great Britain, who should form our real models, but it is important to take those writers among ourselves who have attained celebrity, and scrutinize their characters. Authors are apt to catch and borrow the faults and beauties of neighbouring authors, rather than of those removed by time or distance; as a

man is more apt to fall into the vices and peculiarities of those around him, than to form himself on the models of Roman or Grecian virtue.

This is apparent even in Great Britain, where, with all the advantages of finished education, literary society, and critical tribunals, we see her authors continually wandering away into some new and corrupt fashion of writing, rather than conforming to those orders of composition which have the sanction of time and criticism. If such be the case in Great Britain, and if even her veteran literati have still the need of rigorous criticism to keep them from running riot; how much more necessary is it in our country, where our literary ranks, like those of our military, are rude, undisciplined, and insubordinate. It is for these reasons that we presume with freedom, but, we trust, with candour, to examine the relics of an American poet; to do justice to his merits; but to point out his errors, as far as our judgment will allow, for the benefit of his cotemporaries.

The volume before us commences with a biography of the author written by two several hands. The style is occasionally overwrought, and swelling beyond the simplicity proper to this species of writing, but on the whole creditable to the writers. The spirit in which it is written is both friendly and candid. We cannot but admire the generous struggle between tenderness for the author's memory, and a laudable determination to tell the whole truth, which occurs whenever the failings of the poet are adverted to. We applaud the frankness and delicacy with which the latter are avowed. If biography have any merit, it consists in presenting a faithful picture of the character, the habits, the whole course of living and thinking of the person who is the subject—for, otherwise, we may as well have a romance, and an ideal hero imposed on us, for our wonder and admiration.

The biography of Mr. Paine presents another of those melancholy details, too commonly furnished by literary life. Those gleams of sunshine, and days of darkness—those moments of rapture, and periods of lingering depression—those dreams of hope, and waking hours of black despondency: Such is the rapid round of transient joys and frequent suffer-

ings, that form the "be all and the end all, here" of the unlucky tribe that live by writing. Surely, if the young imagination could ever be repressed by sad example, these gloomy narratives would be sufficient to deter it from venturing into the fairy land of literature—a region so precarious in its enjoyments, and fruitful in its calamities.

We find that Mr. Paine started on his career, full of ardour and confidence. His collegiate life was gay and brilliant. His poetic talents had already broken forth, and acquired him the intoxicating, but dangerous meed of early praise. The description given of him by his biographer, at this time, is extremely prepossessing.

"He was graduated with the esteem of the government and the regard of his cotemporaries. He was as much distinguished for the opening virtues of his heart, as for the vivacity of his wit, the vigour of his imagination, and the variety of his knowledge. A liberality of sentiment and a contempt of selfishness are usual concomitants, and in him were striking characteristics. Urbanity of manners and a delicacy of feeling imparted a charm to his benignant temper and social disposition."

After leaving college, we begin to perceive the misfortunes which his early display of talents had entailed upon him. He had tasted the sweets of literary triumph, and, as it is not the character of genius to rest satisfied with past achievements, he longed to add fresh laurels to those he had acquired. With this strong inclination towards a literary life, we behold him painfully endeavouring to accustom himself to mercantile pursuits, and harness his mind to the diurnal drudgery of a counting-house. The result was such as might naturally be expected. He neglected the monotonous pages of the journal and the ledger, for the magic numbers of Homer and Horace. His fancy, stimulated by restraint, repeatedly flashed forth in productions that attracted applause: he was more frequently found at the theatre than on 'change; delighted more in the society of scholars and men of taste and fancy, than of "substantial merchants," and at length abandoned the patient, but comfortable realities of trade, for the splendid uncertainties of the muse.

Our limits will not permit us to go into a minute examination of his life, which would otherwise be worthy of attention; for the habits and fortunes of an author, in this country, might yield some food for curious speculation. Unfitted for business, in a nation where every one is busy; devoted to literature, where literary leisure is confounded with idleness; the man of letters is almost an insulated being, with few to understand, less to value, and scarcely any to encourage his pursuits. It is not surprising, therefore, that our authors soon grow weary of a race which they have to run alone, and turn their attention to other callings of a more worldly and profitable nature. This is one of the reasons why the writers of this country so seldom attain to excellence. Before their genius is disciplined, and their taste refined, their talents are diverted into the ordinary channels of busy life, and occupied in what are considered its more useful purposes. In fact, the great demand for rough talent, as for common manual labour, in this country, prevents the appropriation of either mental or physical forces to elegant employments. The delicate mechanician may toil in penury, unless he devote himself to common manufactures, suitable to the ordinary consumption of the country; and the fine writer, if he depend upon his pen for a subsistence, will soon discover that he may starve on the very summit of Parnassus, while he sees herds of newspaper editors batten on the rank marshes of its borders.

Such is most likely to be the fate of authors by profession, in the present circumstances of our country. But Mr. Paine had certainly nothing of the kind to complain of. His early prospects were extremely flattering. His productions met with a local circulation, and the poet with a degree of attention and respect, highly creditable to the intelligent part of the union where he resided.

"The qualities," says his biographer, "which had secured him esteem at the university were daily expanding, and his reputation was daily increasing. His society was eagerly sought in the most polished and refined circles; he administered compliments with great address; and no *beau* was ever a greater favourite in the *beau monde*!"

Having now confided to his pen for a support, Mr. P. un-

dertook the editorship of a semi-weekly paper, devoted to federal politics. It was conducted without diligence, and, if we may judge from the effects, without discretion; for it drew upon him the vengeance of a mob, which attacked the house where he resided, and the resentment of a young gentleman, whose father he had satirized. This youth, with an impetuosity hallowed by his filial feeling, demanded honourable satisfaction—it was denied, and the consequence was, that, in a casual rencounter, he took it, in a more degrading manner, on the person of Mr. P.

This was a deadly blow to the reputation of our author; and his standing in society was still more impaired by his subsequent marriage with an actress, which produced a rupture with his father, and a desertion by the fashionable world. This last is mentioned in terms of useless reprehension by his biographer. It is idle to rail at society for its laws of rank and gradations of respect. These rise, of themselves, out of the nature of things, and the moral and political circumstances in which that society is placed; and the universal acquiescence in them by the soundest minds, is a sufficient proof that they are salutary and correct. Mr. P. should have foreseen the inevitable consequences of his union, in a society so rigid and religious, and where theatrical exhibitions had been considered so improper as for a long time to have been prohibited by law. Having foreseen the consequences, and willingly encountered them, it would have been a proof of his firmness and good sense, to have submitted to them without repining.

Unfortunately, Mr. P. seems to have been deficient in that true kind of pride, which draws its support from the ample sources of conscious worth and integrity; which bears up its possessor against unmerited neglect, and induces him to persist in doing well, though certain of no approbation but his own. The moment the world neglected him, he began to neglect himself, as if he had theretofore acted right from the love of praise, rather than the love of virtue.

He contracted habits of intemperance, which, added to his natural heedlessness, and want of application, rendered all the remainder of his life a scene of vicissitude. His newspaper establishment, from want of his personal attention,

proved unfortunate; at the end of eighteen months he disposed of it, and became master of ceremonies of the Boston Theatre; an anomalous office which we do not understand, but which for a time produced him a present means of subsistence. Notwithstanding the irregularity of his habits, it seems that he never exerted his talents without ample success. He was occasionally called on for orations, odes, songs, and addresses, which not only met with public applause, but with a pecuniary remuneration that is worthy of being recorded in our literary history. For his "Invention of Letters," a poem of about three hundred lines, we are told he received *fifteen hundred dollars*, exclusive of expense; and *twelve hundred* by the sale of his "Ruling Passion," a poem of about the same length. The political song of "Adams and Liberty" produced him also a profit of *seven hundred and fifty dollars*. These are sevenfold harvests, that have rarely been equalled even in the productive countries of Europe.

After a few years passed in this manner, having in some measure reformed his habits, his friends began to entertain hopes of rescuing him from this precarious mode of subsistence. They urged him to study the law, and offered him pecuniary assistance for the purpose. He listened to their advice; abandoned the theatre; applied himself diligently to legal studies; was admitted, and became a successful advocate. Business poured in upon him—his reputation rose—prospects of ease, of affluence, of substantial respectability, opened before him—but he relinquished them all with his incorrigible recklessness of mind, and relapsed into his former self-abandonment. From this time the springs of his mind seem to have been rapidly broken down—invention languished—literary ambition was almost at an end; at the same time, an inordinate appetite for knowledge was awakened, but it was that kind of appetite which produces indigestion, rather than an invigoration of the system.

"During these last years of his life," says his biographer, "without a library, wandering from place to place, frequently uncertain where, or whether he could procure a meal; his thirst and acquisition of knowledge astonishingly increased. Though frequently tormented with disease, and beset by

duns and 'the law's staff-officers,' from whom, and from prison, he was frequently relieved by friendship; neither sickness nor penury abated his love of a book, and of instructive conversation."

It is painful to trace the concluding history of this eccentric, contradictory, but interesting man. Broken down by penury and disease; disheartened by fancied, perhaps real, but certainly self-brought neglect; debilitated in mind, and shattered in reputation, he languished into that state of nervous irritability and sickness of thought, when the world ceases to interest and delight; when desire sinks into apathy, and "the grasshopper becomes a burden."

We cannot refrain from recurring to the picture given of him by his faithful biographer, at the outset of his career, with all the glow of youth and fancy, and the freshness of blooming reputation that graced his opening talents, and contrasting it with the following, taken in his day of premature decay and blighted intellect. The contrast is instructive and affecting—a few pages present the sad reverse of years.

"He was fed and lodged in an apartment at his father's; and in this feeble and emaciated state, walked abroad, from day to day, looking like misery personified, and pouring his lamentations into the ears of his friends, who were happy to confer those little acts of kindness which afforded to him some momentary consolation."

Even "during this period of unhoused and disconsolate wretchedness," when the taper was fast sinking in the socket, he was still capable of poetical excitement. At the request of the "Jockey Club," he undertook to write a song for their anniversary dinner. His enfeebled imagination faltered at the effort, until, spurred on by the last moment, he aroused himself into a transient glow of composition, executed the task, and then threw by the pen for ever.

It is worthy of mention, that under all this accumulation of penury, despondency and sickness, the passion still remained for one species of amusement, which addresses itself chiefly to the imagination; or rather, perhaps, the habit remained, after the passion had subsided. He attended the theatre but two evenings before his death. This was the last gleam of solitary

pleasure—on the following day, feeling his end approaching, he crawled to an “attic chamber in his father’s house,” as to one of those retreats

“Where lonely want retires to die.”

Here he languished until the next evening, when, in the presence of his family and friends, he expired without a struggle or a groan.

Such is a brief sketch of the biography of Thomas Treat Paine: a man, calculated to flourish in the sunshine of life, but running to waste and ruin in the shade. We have been beguiled into a more particular notice of this part of the work, from the interest which it excited, and the strong moral picture which it presented. And indeed the biography of authors is important in another point of view, as throwing a great light upon the state of literature and refinement of a nation. In a country where authors are few, any tract of literary anecdote, like the present, is valuable, as adding to the scanty materials from which future writers will be enabled to trace our advancement in letters and the arts. Hereafter, curiosity may be interested to gather information concerning these early adventurers in literature, not because they may have any great merit in their works, but because they were the first to adventure; as we are curious about the early settlers of our country, not from their eminence of character, but because they were the first that settled.

In looking back upon the life of Mr. Paine, we scarcely know whether his misfortunes are to be attributed so much to his love of literature, as to his want of discretion and practical good sense. He was a man that seemed to live for the moment; drawing but little instruction from the past, and casting but careless glances towards the future. So far as relates to him, his country stands acquitted in its literary character; for certainly, as far as he made himself useful in his range of talents, he was amply remunerated.

The character given of him by his last biographer is highly interesting, and evinces that quick sensibility and openness to transient impressions, incident to a man more under the dominion of the fancy than the judgment.

"To speak of Mr. Paine as a man; *hic labor, hoc opus est*. In his intercourse with the world, his earliest impressions were rarely correct. His vivid imagination, in his first interviews, undervalued or overrated almost every individual with whom he came in contact; but when a protracted acquaintance had effaced early impressions, his judgment recovered its tone, and no man brought his associates to a fairer scrutiny, or could delineate their characteristics with greater exactness.

Nullius addictus jurare, in verba, magistri;

and when he had once formed a deliberate opinion, without a change of circumstances, it is not known that he ever renounced it. Studious to please, he was only impatient of obtrusive folly, impertinent presumption, or idle speculation. His friendships were cordial, and his good genius soon rectified the precipitance of his enmities. To conflicting propositions he listened with attention; heard his own opinions contested with complacency, and replied with courtesy. No root of bitterness ever quickened in his mind. If injured, he was placable; if offended, he

——— showed a hasty spark,
And straight was cold again.

Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos,

was in strict unison with the habitual elevation of his feelings. Such services as it was in his power to render to others he performed with manly zeal; and their value was enhanced, by being generally rendered where they were most needed; and through life he cherished a lively gratitude towards those from whom he had received benefits."

On his irregular habits, his biographer remarks in palliation—"He sensibly felt, and clearly foresaw, the consequences of their continuous indulgence, and passed frequent resolutions of reformation; but daily embarrassments shook the resolves of his seclusion, and reform was indefinitely postponed. He urged as an excuse for delaying the Herculean task, that it was impossible to commence it while perplexed with difficulty and surrounded with distress. Instead of rising with an elastic power, and throwing the incumbent pressure from his shoulders, he succumbed under its accumulating weight, until he became insuperably recumbent; and vital action was daily precariously sustained, by administering 'the extreme medicine of the constitution for its daily food.'"

We come now to the most ungracious part of our undertaking; that of considering the literary character of the deceased. This is rendered the more delicate, from the excessive eulogiums passed on him, in the enthusiasm of friendship, by his biographers, and which make us despair of yielding any praise that can approach to their ideas of his deserts.

We are told that Dryden was Mr. P.'s favourite author, and in some measure his prototype; but he appears to have admired, rather than to have studied him. Like all those writers who take up some particular author as a model, a degree of bigotry has entered into his devotion, which made him blind to the faults of his original; or, rather, these faults became beauties in his eyes. Such, for instance, is that propensity to far-sought allusions, and forced conceits. Had he studied Dryden in connexion with the literature of his day, contrasting him with the poets who preceded him, and those who were his cotemporaries—Mr. P. would have discovered that these were faults which Dryden reprobated himself. They were the lingering traces of a taste which he was himself endeavouring to abolish. Dryden was a great reformer of English poetry; not merely by improving the versification, and taming the rude roughness of the language into smoothness and harmony; but by abolishing from it those metaphysical subtleties, those strange analogies and extravagant combinations, which had been the pride and study of the old school. Thus struggling to cure others and himself of these excesses, it is not surprising that some of them still lurked about his writings; it is rather a matter of surprise, that the number should be so inconsiderable.

These, however, seem to have caught the ardent and ill-regulated imagination of Mr. Paine, and to have given a tincture to the whole current of his writings. We find him continually aiming at fine thoughts, fine figures, and epigrammatic point. The censure that Johnson passes on his great prototype, may be applied with tenfold justice to him: "His delight was in wild and daring sallies of sentiment—in the irregular and eccentric violence of wit. He delighted to tread upon the brink of meaning, where light and darkness begin to

minge ; to approach the precipice of absurdity, and hover over the abyss of unideal vacancy." His verses are often so dizened out with embroidery, that the subject matter is lost in the ornament—the idea is confused by the illustration ; or rather, instead of one plain, distinct idea being presented to the mind, we are bewildered with a score of similitudes—such, for instance, is the case with the following passage, taken at random, and which is intended to be descriptive of misers :

" In life's dark cell, pale burns their glimmering soul :

A rush-light warms the winter of the pole.

To chill and cheerless solitude confined,

No spring of virtue thaws the ice of mind.

They creep in blood, as frosty streamlets flow,

And freeze with life, as dormice sleep in snow.

Like snails they bear their dungeons on their backs,

And shut out light—to save a window tax !"

His figures and illustrations are often striking and beautiful, but too often far-fetched and extravagant. He had always plenty at command, and, indeed, every thought that he conceived drew after it a cluster of similies. Among these he either had not the talent to discriminate, or the self-denial to discard. Every thing that entered his mind was transferred to his page, trope followed trope, illustration was heaped on illustration, ornament outvied ornament, until what at first promised to be fine, ended in being tawdry.

Of his didactic poems one of the most prominent is the " Ruling Passion." It contains many passages of striking merit, but is loaded with epithet, and distorted by constant straining after epigram and eccentricity. The author seems never content unless he be sparkling ; the reader is continually perplexed to know what he means, and sometimes disappointed, when he does find out, to discover that he means so little. It is one of the properties of poetic genius to give consequence to trifles. By a kind of magic power, it swells things up beyond their natural dimensions, and decks them out with a splendour of dress and colouring that completely hides their real insignificance. Pigmy thoughts that crept in prose, start up into gigantic size in poetry ; and strutting in lofty

epithets, inflated with hyperbole, and glittering with fine figures, are apt to take the imagination by surprise, and dazzle the judgment. The steady eye of scrutiny, however, soon penetrates the glare; and when the thought has shrunk back to its real dimensions, what appeared to be oracular, turns out to be a truism.

As an instance of this we will quote the following passage:

“Heroes and bards, who nobler flights have won
Than Cæsar’s eagles, or the Mantuan swan,
From eldest era share the common doom;
The sun of glory shines but on the tomb.
Firm as the Mede, the stern decree subdues
The brightest pageant of the proudest muse.
Man’s noblest powers could ne’er the law revoke,
Though Handel harmonized what Chatham spoke;
Though tuneful Morton’s magic genius graced
The Hyblean melody of Merry’s taste!

“Time, the stern censor, talisman of fame,
With rigid justice portions praise and shame:
And, while his laurels, reared where genius grew,
Mid wide oblivion’s lava bloom anew;
Oft will his chymic fire, in distant age
Elicit spots, unseen on ancient page.
So the famed sage, who plunged in Ætna’s flame,
Mid pagan deities enshrin’d his name;
Till from the iliac mountain’s crater thrown,
The Martyr’s sandal cost the God his crown.” P. 187.

Here the simple thought conveyed in this gorgeous page, as far as we can rake it out from among the splendid rubbish, is this, that fame is tested by time; a truth, than which scarcely any is more familiar, and which the author, from the resemblance of the fourth line, and the tenor of those which preceded it, had evidently seen much more touchingly expressed in the elegy of Gray.

The characters in this poem, which are intended to exemplify a ruling passion, are trite and commonplacèd. The pèdant, the deluded female, the fop, the old maid, the miser, are

all hackneyed subjects of satire, and are treated in a hackneyed manner. If these old dishes are to be served up again, we might at least expect that the sauces would be new. It is evident Mr. Paine drew his characters from books rather than from real life. His fop flourishes the cane and snuff-box as in the days of Sir Fopling Flutter. His old maid is sprigged and behooped, and hides behind her fan according to immemorial usage; and in his other characters we trace the same family likeness that marks the descendants of the heroes and heroines of ancient British poetry.

The following description of the Savoyard is sprightly and picturesque, though, unfortunately for the author, it reminds us of the Swiss peasant of Goldsmith, and forces upon us the contrast between that sparkling poetry which dazzles the fancy, and those simple, homefelt strains, which sink to the heart, and are treasured up there.

“ To fame unknown, to happier fortune born,
The blithe Savoyard hails the peep of morn;
And while the fluid gold his eye surveys,
The hoary glaciers fling their diamond blaze;
Geneva's broad lake rushes from its shores,
Arve gently murmurs, and the rough Rhone roars.
'Mid the cleft Alps, his cabin peers from high,
Hangs o'er the clouds, and perches on the sky.
O'er fields of ice, across the headlong flood,
From cliff to cliff he bounds in fearless mood.
While, far beneath, a night of tempest lies,
Deep thunder mutters, harmless lightning flies;
While, far above, from battlements of snow
Loud torrents tumble on the world below;
On rustic reed he wakes a merrier tune,
Than the lark warbles on the 'Ides of June.'
Far off let glory's clarion shrilly swell;
He loves the music of his pipe as well.
Let shouting millions crown the hero's head,
And pride her tessellated pavement tread,
More happy far, this denizen of air
Enjoys what nature condescends to spare;
His days are jocund, undisturbed his nights,
His spouse contents him and his mule delights.” P. 184.

The conclusion of this very descriptive passage partakes lamentably of the bathos. We cannot but smile at the last line, where he has paid the conjugal feelings of his hero but a sorry compliment, making him more delighted with his mule than with the wife of his bosom.

The "Invention of Letters" is another poem, where the author seems to have exerted the full scope of his talents. It shows that adroitness in the tricks of composition, that love for meretricious ornament, and at the same time that amazing store of imagery and illustration, which characterize this writer. We see in it many fine flights of thought, and brave sallies of the imagination, but at the same time a superabundance of the luscious faults of poetry; and we rise from it with augmented regret, that so rich and prolific a genius had not been governed by a purer taste. The following eulogium of Faustus is a fair specimen of the author's beauties and defects.

"Egyptian shrubs, in hands of cook or priest,
A king could mummy, or enrich a feast;
Faustus, great shade! a nobler leaf imparts,
Embalms all ages, and preserves all arts.

The ancient scribe, employed by bards divine,
With faltering finger traced the lingering line.
So few the scrivener's dull profession chose,
With tedious toil each tardy transcript rose;
And scarce the Iliad, penned from oral rhyme,
Grew with the bark that bore its page sublime.
But when the press, with fertile womb supplies
The useful sheet, on thousand wings it flies;
Bound to no climate, to no age confined,
The pinioned volume spreads to all mankind.

No sacred power the Cadmean art could claim,
O'er time to triumph, and defy the flame:
In one sad day a Goth could ravage more
Than ages wrote, or ages could restore.

The Roman helmet, or the Grecian lyre,
A realm might conquer, or a realm inspire;
Then sink, oblivious, in the mouldering dust,
With those who blessed them, and with those who curst.

What guide had then the lettered pilgrim led
 Where Plato moralized ; where Cæsar bled ?
 What page had told, in lasting record wrought,
 The world who butchered, or the world who taught ?
 Thine was the mighty power, immortal sage !
 To burst the cerements of each buried age.
 Through the drear sepulchre of sunless Time,
 Rich with the trophied wrecks of many a clime,
 Thy daring genius broke the pathless way,
 And brought the glorious relics forth to day." P. 165.

Of the lyrical poetry of Mr. P. we can but give the same mixed opinion. It sometimes comes near being very fine, at other times is bombastic, and too often is obscure by far-fetched metaphors. The enthusiasm, which is the life and spirit of this kind of poetry, certainly allows great license to the imagination, and permits the poet to use bolder figures and stronger exaggerations than any other species of serious composition ; but he should be wary that he be not carried too far by the fervour of his feelings, and that he run not into obscurity and extravagance. In listening to lyrical poetry, we have to depend entirely on the ear to comprehend the subject ; and as verse follows verse without allowing time for meditation, it is next to impossible for the auditor to extricate the meaning, if it be entangled in metaphor. The thoughts, therefore, should be clear and striking, and the figures, however lofty and magnificent, yet of that simple kind that flash at once upon the mind.

The following stanza is one of those that come near being extremely beautiful. The versification is swelling and melodious, and captivates the ear with the luxury of sound ; the imagery is sublime, but the meaning a little obscure.

" The sea is valour's charter,
 A nation's wealthiest mine :
 His foaming caves when ocean bares,
 Not pearls, but heroes shine ;

Aloft they mount the midnight surge,
 Where shipwrecked spirits roam,
 And oft the knell is heard to swell,
 Where bursting billows foam.
 Each storm a race of heroes rears,
 To guard their native home." P. 275.

The ode entitled "Rise Columbia," possesses more simplicity than most of his poems. Several of the verses are deserving of much praise, both for the sentiment and the composition.

"Remote from realms of rival fame,
 Thy bulwark is thy mound of waves;
 The sea, thy birthright, thou must claim,
 Or, subject, yield the soil it laves.

Nor yet, though skilled, delight in arms;
 Peace and, her offspring, Arts be thine;
 The face of Freedom scarce has charms,
 When on her cheeks no dimples shine.

While Fame, for thee, her wreath entwines,
 To bless thy nobler triumph prove;
 And, though the eagle haunts thy pines,
 Beneath thy willows shield the dove.

* * * * *

Revered in arms, in peace humane,
 No shore, nor realm shall bound thy sway;
 While all the virtues own thy reign,
 And subject elements obey!"

The ode of "Spain, Commerce and Freedom," is a mere conflagration of fancy. What shall we say to such a "melting hot—hissing hot" stanza as the following:

"Bright Day of the world! dart thy lustre afar!
 Fire the north with thy heat! gild the south with thy splendour!
 With thy glance light the torch of redintegrant war,
 Till the dismembered earth effervesce and regender!
 Through each zone may'st thou roll,
 Till thy beams at the Pole,
 Melt Philosophy's Ice in the sea of the soul!

We have unwarily exceeded our intended limits in this article, and must now bring it to a conclusion. From the examination which we have given Mr. Paine's writings, we can by no means concur in the opinion, that he is an author on whom the nation should venture its poetic claims. His natural requisites were undoubtedly great, and had they been skilfully managed, might have raised him to an enviable eminence. He possessed a brilliant imagination, but not great powers of reflection. He thinks often acutely, seldom profoundly—indeed, there was such a constant wish to be ingenious and pungent, that he was impatient of the regular flow of thought and feeling, and seemed dissatisfied with every line that did not contain a paradox, a simile, or an apothegm. There appears also to have been an indistinctness in his conceptions: his mind teemed with vague ideas; with shadows of thought, which he could not accurately embody, and the consequence was a frequent want of precision in his writings. He had read much, and miscellaneously; and having a tenacious memory, was enabled to illustrate his thoughts by a thousand analogies and similies, drawn from books; and often to enrich his poems with the thoughts of others. Indeed, his acquired treasures were often a disadvantage; not having a simple discriminating taste, he could not select from among them; and being a little ostentatious of his wealth, was too apt to pour it in glittering profusion upon his page.

If we have been too severe in our animadversions on this author's faults, we can only say, that the high encomiums of his biographers, and the high assumptions of the author himself, which are evident from the style of his writings, obliged us to judge of him by an elevated standard. Mr. P. ventured in the lofty walks of composition, and appears continually to have been measuring himself with the masters of the art. His biographers have even hinted at placing him "on the same shelf with the prince of English rhyme," and thus, in a manner, have invited a less indulgent examination than, perhaps, might otherwise have been given.

If, however, we are unjust in our censures, a little while will decide their futility. To the living every hour of reputation is important, as adding one hour of enjoyment to ex-

istence; but the fame of the dead, to be valuable, must be permanent; and it is in nowise impaired, if for a year or two the misrepresentations of criticism becloud its lustre.

We assure the biographers of Mr. Paine, that we heartily concur with them in the wish to see one of our native poets rising to equal excellence with the immortal bards of Great Britain; but we do not feel any restless anxiety on the subject. We wait with hope, but we wait with patience. Of all writers a great poet is the rarest. Britain, with all her patronage of literature, with her standing army of authors, has, through a series of ages, produced but a very, very few who deserve the name. Can it, then, be a matter of surprise, or should it be of humiliation, that, in our country, where the literary ranks are so scanty, the incitements so small, and the advantages so inconsiderable, we should not yet have produced a master in the art? Let us rest satisfied—as far as the intellect of the nation has been exercised, we have furnished our full proportion of ordinary poets, and some that have even risen above mediocrity; but a really great poet is the production of a century.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE

OF

CAPTAIN ISAAC HULL.

THERE are few employments more pleasing and useful than that of paying a just tribute to those who have honourably distinguished themselves in the service of their country. It is pleasing, because it gives opportunity for the indulgence of merited admiration; and useful, inasmuch as it serves to stimulate others to similar exertions, that they may obtain similar distinctions. To those, too, who are capable of meriting either praise or gratitude, praise honestly bestowed, and gratitude expressed without exaggeration, are the most pleasing and heartfelt rewards that a people can ever bestow.

Titles may for a while give a short-lived gratification, by attracting the wondering gaze of vulgar admiration; but the purest, the noblest, and the most lasting reward of virtuous heroism is to be found in the applauding tongues, and grateful hearts of our countrymen.

Public curiosity with regard to the lives of individuals who have distinguished themselves in honourable pursuits, is a sort of indirect praise; for we seldom feel a disposition to inquire into the character and actions of any man, until he has performed something that excites our admiration. This universal curiosity, when called forth by praiseworthy achievements, is an honourable testimony to the merit of him who excites it, and as such ought to be gratified.

We therefore feel much pleasure in offering to our readers such particulars of the gallant officer whose portrait accompanies the present number, as have come to our knowledge, regretting, at the same time, that our information is not more ample.

Captain ISAAC HULL was born at Derby, a small town in the state of Connecticut, about ten miles from New-Haven. He is a son of the gentleman who distinguished himself in the capture of some whale-boats in the Sound during the late war. Choosing the sea for the exercise of his profession, he entered, soon after leaving school, on board a merchant vessel, and in due course became master of a ship. He was in this situation at the first establishment of the navy, and, at that time, received the appointment of a lieutenant. In this capacity he always ranked high as an excellent seaman; an attentive and vigilant officer. The situation of the United States for some years past, it is well known, afforded little opportunity for the acquisition of either naval or military reputation; or to obtain any other distinction than that which arises from an attentive discharge of an officer's daily duties. It is only, therefore, since the declaration of war with Great Britain, that Captain HULL has become an object of public attention, by two brilliant exploits; the one exhibiting an instance of admirable skill as a seaman, and the other, of his gallantry as an officer.

Leaving Chesapeake Bay on the 12th of July last, in the

Constitution of forty-four guns, he, on the 17th, fell close in with a British squadron, consisting of one ship of the line, four frigates, a brig, and a schooner, the nearest frigate within gun shot. It was a dead calm, and the only headway to be made was by towing. The enemy attached all his boats to two frigates, and by so doing, gained on the Constitution, so as to bring some of his bow guns to bear on her. In this situation they continued all day, the Constitution occasionally firing her stern chasers; and it was not until the next morning that a light breeze enabled her to escape from an enemy so much superior in force, as to render a contest desperate. The whole chase lasted sixty hours, and during all that time the gallant crew remained at their stations without a murmur. Nothing, we think, can evince a more decided superiority of activity and skill on the part of the Americans, than this extraordinary escape from two frigates towed by the boats of a squadron of seven vessels. It is related on good authority, that the enemy himself expressed his admiration of the skill with which Captain HULL manœuvred his vessel and effected his escape.

The public notice taken of this affair, and the praises bestowed on Captain HULL, induced him, on arriving at Boston, to insert the following card in the books of the Exchange Coffee House :

“ Captain HULL finding that his friends in Boston are correctly informed of his situation, when chased by the British squadron off New-York, and that they are good enough to give him more credit for having escaped it than he ought to claim, takes this opportunity of requesting them to transfer their good wishes to *Lieutenant Morris*, and the other brave officers, and the crew under his command, for their very great exertions and prompt attention to his orders while the enemy were in chase. Captain HULL has great pleasure in saying, that notwithstanding the length of the chase, and the officers and crew being deprived of sleep, and allowed but little refreshment during the time, not a murmur was heard to escape them.”

It was naturally to be expected that a man, who had the honest pride to decline monopolizing that praise, which he was conscious ought to be shared with others, would, when oppor-

tunity offered, distinguish himself in the most honourable manner. Those who are themselves conscious of desert, are the last to claim that praise which belongs to others; and those who feel a capacity to acquire reputation, are ever the most liberal in according it to others. It is only little, stunted minds that are anxious to claim that glory, which they can only gain by defrauding their associates; liberal hearts are not afraid even to resign what they can so easily acquire.

Accordingly, we find Captain HULL, on the nineteenth of the ensuing August, with the same vessel, the same officers, and the same crew, falling in with a large frigate, which struck to him after a close action of thirty minutes. She proved to be his majesty's ship the *Guerriere*, rated at 38 guns, and carrying fifty; commanded by Captain J. R. Dacres, who some time before had politely endorsed on the register of a merchant ship, an invitation to Captain HULL to give him a meeting of this kind.

In this action, where there was a vast disparity of loss on the part of the enemy, we think we can trace some of the effects of Captain HULL's generous self-denial, on his officers and crew. Whatever may be the fashion of considering soldiers and sailors as mere machines, without capacity of being operated upon by any excitement but that of the fear of punishment, we are convinced that all men, high or low, are fond of glory, and that this fondness is one of the strongest incitements to brave actions, even in the most common minds. Mere discipline, however indispensable it may be to constitute a soldier or sailor, is but a tame inspirer, when compared with the impulse given by the hope and expectation of renown. It was from this conviction, that all the distinguished commanders we ever heard or read of, were careful to celebrate the valour of their officers and soldiers, and to bestow on them the glory of every action. Men, let them be what they may, will assuredly make greater sacrifices and exertions in an engagement, where, if they conquer, they share the glory, than if it is all to be given to their commander, let them love him ever so well. Small as may be the portion of this glory which falls to the share of each man, still we are to consider, that though

he is not individually named in the records of the times, or transmitted to future periods in the page of history ; yet, in that little circle by which every being, however insignificant, is surrounded, he moves an object of wonder ; and is a hero among the little men of his little world. In our minds, therefore, that commander not only displays his magnanimity, but his knowledge of mankind, who assigns a large portion of his fame to his followers. They will fight the better for it, and the world will make him ample amends for his generosity, inasmuch as this liberal self-denial is a much more rare and heroic quality, than mere personal courage, or military skill.

Captain HULL has not been at sea since his return from the cruise which terminated in the capture of the *Guerriere*, having been, we understand, employed in settling the affairs of a deceased brother. It was reported, but without foundation, that he was under some disgust at the command of the *Constitution* being assigned to Capt. Bainbridge, who, as his senior officer, had undoubtedly a right to claim it according to the etiquette of the service. Capt. Hull, we are confident, knows too well the duty which he owes to his country in this period of danger to desert his colours. The sailor as well as the soldier is a man who in war by defending his country, makes her amends for the care she extends to him in the time of peace. Their duties are reciprocal, and we think the officer who in time of war retires permanently from a station where he has been placed in the time of peace, ought to have the strongest motives for such a desertion.

This gallant officer is still in the vigour of life ; of pleasing, unaffected manners, and of unblemished reputation in all the relations of social life.

In reverting to the victory obtained by Capt. Hull, over one of the finest frigates in the British navy, we cannot but view it as one of the most important events that has occurred in the history of this country for many years past ; important not from the loss sustained by the enemy in this single ship, but from its effects in having in a great measure dissolved an enchantment under which the people of the United States had so long laboured with regard to the unequalled skill and prowess of the British sailors. Without

giving into the visionary folly of those who anticipate the downfall of the British navy, by the exertions of our little fleet, we hail this event as the dawning of a glorious era for our country; as the parent of a well-founded confidence in ourselves, without which neither nations or individuals can ever be distinguished.

Dazzled and awed as we have been by the glory of England, in her naval victories over France, Spain and Holland, and fascinated with the splendid achievements of a Nelson, our imaginations had become infected with a sort of superstitious reverence. The power, the wealth, the lion-hearted prowess, the eminence in literature and the arts, of that illustrious nation, have ever been the theme of wonder in this youthful country. With the fond credulity of a child, she has been ready to receive the most exaggerated impressions of a nation to whom she once looked up as a parent. When Britain lost the government of these colonies, she retained, through the instrumentality of her writers, an influence over our minds deep, lasting, and invincible. Her historians, philosophers, and poets, still keep possession of our understanding, our imagination, and our hearts; and there is hardly a reader in America, that does not still cherish in his bosom a pure and respectful affection for the soil, at least, that produced such inestimable fruits of genius. Indeed, for the most part, we receive all our early impressions of mankind, and of the world at large, from the writers of Great Britain, and are accustomed to submit to their decisions, not more from reason than from a habit which has grown up with us from the cradle. This cordial sensation, united with this early habit, naturally disposes us to receive, without inquiry, the most extravagant opinions in favour of that country.—Authors in every nation except this, if they wish to become popular, must in some respects flatter the vanity of their countrymen, and administer a little occasional adulation.—The historian, if he does not absolutely falsify events, will naturally so detail them as to gild the successes and varnish the defeats of his friends; while the poet will swell their achievements to a magnitude utterly disproportionate to their real

dimensions. Those who compare and examine the events thus celebrated, can easily reduce them to the standard of impartial truth ; but with the majority of readers they pass for irrefragable chronicles.

From these causes had arisen what we conceive was an exaggerated opinion of the superior skill and prowess of the British sailors, compared with our own unpretending tars, who as yet hardly know the extent of their own power.

Every man of the least observation is aware of the tyranny which early, and long-cherished opinions exercise over the human mind, and of the intensity of thought, and labour of inquiry, necessary to free us from their dominion. Our reason once brought into subjection to the belief of what is either true or false, is prone to submit with quiet and indolent resignation, rather than undergo the trouble of further exertion. This is more especially the case with opinions implanted early in life, when reason, unfortified by experience or reflection, is assailable on all sides, and is overcome, not by the force of the attack, but by the weakness of the resistance. The mind of man has this analogy to his body, that if once completely subjected, it loses that elastic vigour and energy which are necessary to regain its freedom, and either quietly acquiesces in its vassalage, or resists with such weakness and indecision, as serve only to rivet its chains.

The effect of long established opinions on the destinies of mankind, is sometimes altogether extraordinary. Once let a nation adopt an opinion that any other nation is its superior in valour, force, or military skill, and it will generally cherish that opinion when the foundation on which it was first erected has mouldered away. Nations often retain this superiority in the minds of men, long after the circumstances in which it originated have ceased to exist, and live upon their hereditary renown, as a man lives upon his credit when his capital is exhausted. To reason against established habits is a vain undertaking ; and even demonstration, though it may produce conviction, often fails to produce acknowledgment ; for there is a pride in human nature that revolts from a confession of error.

The foregoing observations are intended to apply to those events which have taken place at the very outset of our naval career. We believe there was scarcely a man in this country, except our gallant officers themselves, who did not look towards the event of a contest on the ocean, with British sailors, with a comparative degree of despondency. Even the most elastic minds sunk under the overwhelming idea of British naval prowess; and those who were the most sanguine, just scarcely hoped that if a single vessel of the United States encountered an equal force of the enemy, whatever might be the event, there would be no loss of honour on either side. They did not consider that we were too enterprising, too amphibious, too much, in fact, of Englishmen in our habits, to be easily overpowered; and every man must remember; every man that has a spark of feeling for his country's honour, must indelibly remember, with what a mixture of surprise and delight he first heard of the capture of the *Guerriere*, achieved, as it was, with almost the celerity of magic. To have escaped on equal terms; to have made it a drawn battle, would almost have been considered a triumph: but to have taken one of England's finest frigates, and conquered one of her most boasted and boasting heroes, in equal fight, in thirty minutes, and with so little comparative loss, was an event that could scarcely be realized. From that moment the enchantment under which we had so long lain spell-bound, was dissolved; the spectres that had haunted us from the cradle upwards, vanished like shadows at the dawn of day; and we firmly believe our country at that moment received into her bosom a spark, which, at some future period, will animate her to deeds that will realize this first promise of her youth.

This victory, though in itself an object of apparent insignificance, we look upon as one of those events which have a lasting influence upon the character and destinies of nations. It has disclosed to us an invaluable secret, and given a shock to that superstitious veneration for British naval supremacy under which the minds of the people of the United States have so long been oppressed. It constitutes a noble example for the imitation of our gallant officers, who, we are, however, convinced, do not require the excitement; and it has given a

confidence which in the hour of battle is of incalculable influence. This confidence from being at first the *consequence* of victory, becomes afterwards a *cause*; and we believe has hitherto been one great moving principle of the uniform successes of the British navy. The influence of Captain HULL's victory is apparent in the eyes of our officers and seamen; we see them exalted in their own estimation, and in that of their countrymen; proud of their profession, and zealous to emulate the glory of that gallant achievement. The subsequent instances of similar victories will add vigour to these effects and do much to form a national character, which will render our country respectable abroad, and honoured by her own citizens. They form a little precious hoard of national glory, round which our hearts will rally at all times, and many a gallant spirit that has hitherto kept aloof, ashamed that our country has done nothing since she became an independent nation, but grow rich, will now be drawn nearer to the bosom of his native land.

No man, we firmly believe, can love his country, and be at the same time ashamed of her. To be revered as she ought, she must be illustrious, so that every native of her soil, wherever he goes, in whatever foreign land his lot may be cast, will be proud of his nativity; that he may be able to repel any insinuation to her disadvantage, by proofs of her gallantry, and may boast of her achievements, without the imputation of vanity. It is this kind of reputation that perhaps attaches men to their native country more than any other tie whatever; which forms one of the best ingredients in the character of a nation, because it is a barrier against injury or insult; and which is almost the only tie now wanting to secure a union of hearts among every class and denomination. The unanimity which distinguished the happy administration of Washington, was perhaps not more owing to the confidence of the people in his pure and spotless virtue, than to the splendour of his name in war. The people loved him for his virtues; but they gloried in him because he had made not only himself but his country illustrious while he lived, by the radiance of his single character as a consummate commander.

Philosophers may reason, and moralists may rail in their

closets against the emptiness of that reputation which is acquired by arms; but there is at the bottom of every man's heart a feeling which causes him to rejoice in the successes of his country. This feeling is grounded on the universal principle of self love, inasmuch as every man appropriates to himself some little portion of the glory acquired by his countrymen.

But more than thirty years had elapsed since the United States had gained any considerable accession of that reputation which is dear to the hearts of all, whether enlightened or vulgar, wise or illiterate. It is, we believe, the nature of most men, that if they have nothing to admire at home, they will turn their affections abroad; and accordingly, we find the good citizens of the United States fixing their admiration upon the glory of other nations, for want of some domestic attraction of this kind. They want something to rally round: some brilliant light to allure them from afar off, and like the sweet watch-light of the Pole, the star of mariners, to act as a common guide to the people who inhabit the east and the west, the north and the south. They want something to attract and concentrate their affections; to call them off from brooding over those virulent and petty local feelings which have of late occupied their attention. They want, in short, some great universal bond of union, distinct from any convention whatever, and that bond, we firmly believe, is only to be found in NATIONAL GLORY. P.

POETRY.

[It is not often, among the ephemeral productions of Magazines, that we meet with a poem so nobly conceived and highly wrought as the following. The description of the statue is bold and characteristic, and delivered in a truly classic style. The concluding picture of the love-sick maid, is one of the most delicate and affecting that we recollect in modern poetry.]

PRIZE POEM.

THE BELVIDERE APOLLO.

[From the Literary Panorama, for November, 1812.]

HEARD ye the arrow hurtle in the sky?
Heard ye the dragon monster's deathful cry?
In settled majesty of fierce disdain,
Proud of his might, yet scornful of the slain,
The heavenly archer stands—no human birth,
No perishable denizen of earth?
Youth blooms immortal in his beardless face,
A God in strength, with more than godlike grace;
All, all divine—no struggling muscle glows,
Through heaving vein no mantling life-blood flows,
But animate with deity alone,
In deathless glory lives the breathing stone.

Bright-kindling with a conqueror's stern delight,
His keen eye tracks the arrow's fateful flight;
Burns his indignant cheek with vengeful fire,
And his lip quivers with insulting ire;
Firm-fixed his tread, yet light, as when on high
He walks th' impalpable and pathless sky;
The rich luxuriance of his hair, confined
In graceful ringlets, wantons on the wind,
That lifts in sport his mantle's drooping fold,
Proud to display that form of faultless mould.

Mighty Ephesian!* with an eagle's flight
Thy proud soul mounted through the fields of light,
Viewed the bright conclave of Heaven's blest abode,
And the cold marble leapt to life a God:
Contagious awe through breathless myriads ran,
And nations bowed before the work of man.
For mild he seemed, as in Elysian bowers,
Wasting in careless ease the joyous hours;

* Agasias of Ephesus.

Haughty, as bards have sung, with princely sway,
 Curbing the fierce flame-breathing steeds of day;
 Beauteous as vision seen in dreamy sleep
 By holy maid on Delphi's haunted steep,
 'Mid the dim twilight of the laurel grove,
 Too fair to worship, too divine to love.

Yet on that form, in wild delirious trance,
 With more than reverence gazed the maid of France.
 Day after day the love-sick dreamer stood
 With him alone, nor thought it solitude;
 To cherish grief, her last, her dearest care,
 Her one fond hope—to perish or despair.
 Oft as the shining light her sight beguiled,
 Blushing she shrunk, and thought the marble smiled:
 Oft breathless listening heard, or seemed to hear,
 A voice of music melt upon her ear.
 Slowly she wan'd, and cold and senseless grown,
 Closed her dim eyes, herself benumbed to stone.
 Yet love in death a sickly strength supplied,
 Once more she gazed, then feebly smiled and died.

HENRY HART MILMAN,

Brazen-nose College.

The Apollo is in the act of watching the arrow with which he slew the serpent Python.

The foregoing fact is related in the work of Mons. Pinel sur l'Insanité.

ODE,

TO THE SONS OF BRITAIN AND AMERICA,

Occasioned by the Commencement of Hostilities;

By the Rev. John Black, Woodbridge.

[From the Monthly Magazine, for November, 1812.]

SONS of COLUMBIA, sheathe the sword!
 And BRITAIN stay thy vengeful hand!
 What profit can dire War afford?
 Why thus with hostile banners stand?
 Let Passion's swelling wave subside,
 And Reason rule instead of Pride.

Ah! think, if war spread wide his flame,
 What thousands in the strife must die—
 How few behind them leave a name,
 Yet tears for each fill some fond eye!
 Think of the widow's heavy sighs,
 And the poor orphan's melting cries!

But should not these soft sorrows move,
 And headlong Anger shout "To arms!"

And fierce Defiance long to prove,
 His might amidst the field's alarms;
 And Hate and Ire inflame each host,
 And cannon thunder round the coast;

Yet will not Interest's voice prevail?
 Reflect, how Commerce must decline,
 The loom stand still, and want assail
 The *many* that must starving pine;
 And burdens weigh each nation down,
 And wild Despair with fury frown.

Ye brothers are: both Freedom prize;
 And in one language worship Heaven;
 Why, then, Religion's voice despise,
 By hellish Hatred madly driven?
 Let Reason and Religion reign,
 And War's grim dogs once more enchain.

Encroach not on each other's right,
 Let Justice lift aloft her scale!
 Ye both are brave—both proved in fight—
 Oppressive wrong cannot prevail;
 Then throw those gleaming arms aside,
 In peace the plough and shuttle guide.

EVENING.

BY J. CONDER.

HOW bright the Sun's declining rays
 Glitter on yonder ivied spire!
 How sweet the evening zephyr plays
 Through those old trees that seem on fire!
 Beneath those trees how oft I've strayed
 With Mary, rapture in my eyes!
 But now, alas! beneath their shade
 All that remains of Mary lies!

Oh! can I e'er the scene forget?
 'Twas such an evening—this the place,
 That first the lovely girl I met,
 And gazed upon her angel face.
 The West at Sol's departure blushed,
 And brightened to a crimson hue;
 Her cheek with kindred tints was flushed,
 And ah! her sun was sinking too.

She died—and at that very hour
 Hope broke her wand, and Pleasure fled.
 Life as a charm has lost its power,
 The enchantress of my days is dead.
 That sun—those scenes where oft I've strayed
 Transported, I no longer prize;
 For now, alas! beneath their shade
 All that remains of Mary lies.

THE FAR-OFF LAND.

[From the Gentleman's Magazine.]

The rock, and wood, and field, and stream,
Are flickering 'neath the sunny beam ;
Above me is the heaven of blue,
Beneath the boundless ocean's hue ;
O'er sea, and shore, and moss, and steep,
The pleasure-wafting breezes sweep ;
And onward nothing meets the eye,
Save yonder gallant argosy,
Stretching, scarce seen, its lingering way
Beyond the forkings of the bay.

How lovely all ! how passing fair !
Safely the travelled man might swear
That naught his wandering eyes had seen
So mild, so tranquil, so serene.
And yet, with fond and eager view,
I turn, and other course pursue ;
Catching, beyond the sea-girt strand,
Dark glimmerings of a distant land,
Mountains which fancy scarce can shape,
Bold rock, and far projecting cape,
And earth so mingled with the sky,
'Twere hard to tell the boundary.

I know not if that far-off land
Be some accursed and desert strand,
Where o'er the mountain's summit bleak
No sounds but of the tempest speak,
And the wild ocean's raving tide
Lashes its never-trodden side ;
Perhaps that country of the storm
Ne'er viewed the port of human form ;
Perhaps it lies unsought, unknown,
Some burning or some frozen zone :
Yet 'mid the soft and tranquil scene
Of sea, and sky, and forest green,
I reckon not these, but inly sigh
That unacquainted coast to try.

Oh ! if some cherished hopes destroy
The tenor of thy present joy,
And bid thee with inquiring view
The onward vale of life pursue,
Where on the shadowy distance move
Fair undistinguished forms of love,
And round the dim horizon press
Imagined shapes of happiness ;
Yet, stay awhile ! thine eye has strayed
To scenes which, viewed more closely, fade ;
Take what thy power may now command,
All onward is—the far-off land !

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

[From London periodical works of September.]

The Life of Nelson. By Robert Southey; beautifully printed in one volume, small 8vo. with Plates, will be ready for publication in January.

Many Lives of Nelson have been written: one is yet wanting, clear and concise enough to become a manual for the young sailor, which he may carry about with him till he has treasured up the example in his memory and in his heart. In attempting such a work, the author proposes to himself to write the eulogy of our great naval hero; for the best eulogy of Nelson is the faithful history of his actions; the best history is that which shall relate them most perspicuously.

Book of the Church; Describing, 1. The Religions of our British, Roman, and Saxon Ancestors, and the consequences resulting from their respective systems.—2. A view of Popery and its consequences.—3. A Picture of Puritanism.—4. A Picture of Methodism. Concluding with an account of what the Church is, how it acts upon us, and showing how inseparably it is connected with the interest of the country. Interspersed with Biographical Sketches. Neatly printed in one volume, small 8vo.

Critical and Biographical Notices of the British Poets, with Occasional Selections from their Works. By Thomas Campbell, Esq. author of the *Pleasures of Hope*. Printed, uniformly with Mr. Ellis's *Specimens*, in 4 vols. post 8vo. Will be published in March.

Charlemagne, or Rome Delivered; an Epic Poem, in twenty-four Cantos, by Lucien Bonaparte. Superbly printed in two volumes, Imperial 4to. with Plates, executed in the best manner by Charles Heath.

The subject of the Poem is the deliverance of Rome from the Lombards, by Charlemagne, and the establishment of the second Western Empire. With this, the author has mixed a description of the warlike exploits of Charlemagne against the Saxons and Huns, a representation of the Heathen Worship of the Saxons, and the conversion to the Christian Faith of their leader, Witikind, who is regarded in history as the ancestor of the third dynasty of French kings. The excesses of the Greek Iconoclasts, the civil and military habits of the Moors in Spain, and the achievements of Roland, and other knights, are likewise introduced into the work.

The machinery of the Poem has nothing in it of Pagan Mythology, but is founded entirely on the Catholic Creed. All the principal ceremonies of that religion are successively introduced into the course of the narrative, and made subservient to its development.

The Poem is of considerable length, and is divided into twenty-four cantos. Its composition, and the prosecution of the various studies connected with it, have formed the chief occupation of the author during eight years which have elapsed since he retired from public life. They continue to engage him at present, and it is hoped that many months will not elapse before the Manuscript is brought into a fit state for the press.

A Poetical Translation in English will accompany the French Original.